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THE MORALITY OF THE PLATFORM.

**P**OLITICAL speeches have not generally been adjusted to a high standard of morality; but it may be doubted whether cynical indifference to principle has often been carried so far as by recent apologists of the Government. The gross impropriety of a speech delivered by a recently appointed Judge stands by itself. Mr. Justice WATKIN WILLIAMS has the rudiments of judicial decency to learn; but he may perhaps hereafter profit by experience and by the example of better-instructed colleagues. Members of Parliament, in or out of office, have at least a right to express their political opinions. Mr. MUNDELLA can perhaps only be accused of culpable levity for his candid admission that the concessions made to farmers by the legislation of the last Session were given in consideration of their support of the Liberal party at the elections. It seems not to have occurred to Mr. MUNDELLA that the bargain which he accurately described was profoundly immoral. Some local consternation was caused when a few years ago an Election Judge unseated a member on the ground that he had allowed his tenants who were voters to kill rabbits on their farms. According to Mr. MUNDELLA, the present Ministers bribed the farmers wholesale, not at their own expense, but by giving them the landlords' right to the rabbits, and by throwing the hares into the bargain. The transaction was perhaps not inaccurately described, but it is sometimes less mischievous to commit a dishonest act than to avow it. Mr. MUNDELLA himself is certainly not a dishonest man, and he possesses considerable ability; but he seems to have been affected by the ethical confusion in which his party is at present involved. Another Liberal speaker of the official class, though of lower political rank, lately made a more objectionable speech on a dangerous subject. It would scarcely be worth while to discuss the sentiments or the language of Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, if he had any pretension to original thought or independent authority. The prevailing cant is most accurately observed in the expressions of moderately intelligent partisans who evidently desire to flatter popular prejudice, and to repeat or anticipate the opinions of their leaders. The enthusiastic applause with which Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN's speech is said to have been received probably shows that he was skilful in humouring the prepossessions of an ill-instructed audience. There is too much reason to fear that he will also be found to have interpreted correctly the policy to which the party will shortly be pledged. He drew, indeed, like many Liberal orators, from the abundant repertory of mischievous sophisms which was stored up in the Midlothian speeches. It is still a Cabinet secret whether the measures of the Government are to correspond with Mr. GLADSTONE's pre-official rhetoric.

While law and the enjoyment of all civil rights are suspended in Ireland, it seemed to Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN expedient not to denounce lawless violence, but to disturb, as far as his power extended, the foundations of property. Irish landlords are perhaps too happy, too secure in the enjoyment of their rights, too complacently satisfied with the protection which they receive from a conscientious Government. Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN accordingly informed his constituents that the Legislature had an unquestioned right to vary or to extinguish the rights of landowners. Mr. PARNELL and his friends may perhaps have committed an irregularity in assuming the

power of disposal which belongs to the State, but the official Liberal politician fully agrees with their doctrine that the right to land and rent is an open question. As but a limited space was allowed in the paper to Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN's lucubrations, it is fair to assume that he may possibly have appended to his unscrupulous proposition some commonplaces about compensation. When Mr. GLADSTONE wantonly announced that all land was justly liable to expropriation, he reserved the right to the owner of being paid off in money. His follower is probably not bold enough to depart from the precedent; but the reporter was well advised in omitting any idle phrases which may have been used to qualify a theory of spoliation. The politician who in present circumstances publicly proclaims the liability of landowners to confiscation contributes his little utmost to the most formidable of social revolutions. It is perhaps not reasonable to expect that the rank and file of a party should exercise an independent judgment; but the prevalent servility to popular clamour is irritating and alarming. It is true that there are many honourable exceptions; but the protests of Liberals who still retain a respect for freedom, for justice, and for order, are overborne by the repetition of platitudes which are acceptable to the multitude.

In a higher political position there is exhibited a more flagrant abdication of responsibility. No utterance of a Cabinet Minister in modern times has been so discreditable as the last sentence of Mr. BRIGHT's brief and contemptuous reply to Lord CARNARVON. It was a matter of discretion whether Lord CARNARVON's right to question the propriety of Mr. BRIGHT's speech should be recognized. After the lapse of two or three months, it was possibly injudicious to reopen a controversy which had passed into another stage. Mr. BRIGHT is misinformed when he states that the "terrible blemishes" in his speech had not been discovered by its critics in this country. More than one commentator had at the time given reasons for the widespread conviction that the speech was erroneous in statement and principle, inaccurate in reasoning, and pernicious, as the result has amply proved, to the public interest. The speeches of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, combined with the action of both Ministers in the Cabinet, have been among the most conspicuous causes of the triumph of the Land League over the Government and the law. Some murders, many atrocious crimes, the ruin of many unoffending Irishmen, would probably have been prevented if Mr. BRIGHT had not had the will and the power to prevent his colleagues from performing their primary duty. The charge against Lord CARNARVON of hypercriticism or of eccentric judgment is altogether erroneous; but the personal question between Mr. BRIGHT and his latest assailant is of little importance. Mr. BRIGHT has always been intolerant of opposition, and he has pursued his antagonists with bitter animosity; but even unfriendly observers of his character and career will have been astonished and shocked by the ferocious glee with which he contemplates the sufferings to which he has largely contributed. The great landowners of England, one of whom he is addressing, would, according to Mr. BRIGHT, in a certain contingency, have been "run-ning for their lives, as some Irish landowners are reported to be doing now." It is difficult to reprobate too strongly the cruel exultation with which Mr. BRIGHT deliberately insults the harmless sufferers. It might have been supposed that the most inveterate democrat would

have felt or expressed pity for the victims of persecution. The expatriation of some Irish landlords is disgraceful, not to themselves, but to the assassins and conspirators who execute the decrees of the Land League; nor are the English accomplices of the agitators altogether free from blame. It is impossible to explain away the phrase "running for their lives." Such language can only be used by a professed and triumphant enemy.

The affront to English landowners, which is only less offensive to good feeling and good taste than the taunt against Irish fugitives, may not at first sight be intelligible to careless readers. It is, in fact, one of the innumerable instances in which Mr. BRIGHT has, with absurd iteration, boasted of his early exploits in Corn Law agitation. After five-and-thirty years he takes a pleasure peculiar to himself in informing one of the class which he has pursued through life with unabated dislike that the landed aristocracy was saved from itself by the repeal of the Corn Law. Lord CAERNARVON was probably at school at the time when Mr. BRIGHT describes him and his associates as hypothetically "running for their lives" from bloodthirsty mobs. It is impossible to say whether Lord CAERNARVON would in 1845 have been, as he has been since his entrance into public life, a Free-trader. It is remarkable that Mr. BRIGHT's reprobation of protectionist doctrines is always confined to English landowners. In the speech which has given rise to the present discussion he went out of his way to apologize for the economic shortcomings of the American democracy. The United States had, he said, been exposed to a great and costly war, and consequently were compelled to raise a large revenue by indirect taxation. When the debt was paid off or reduced to moderate dimensions, it would be easy to diminish Customs duties, so that Free-trade would be gradually and naturally established. The application of different weights and measures to the dealings of friends and enemies is not peculiar to Mr. BRIGHT; but, notwithstanding the opposite feelings with which he regards American democrats and English landowners, he must be well aware that the tariff of the United States is deliberately arranged with a view to protection, and not for purposes of revenue. It is because they are powerful, and because their countrymen are ignorant of the rudiments of economy, and not because they are unselfish, that American manufacturers make their fortunes instead of running for their lives. In one respect Americans may brag of moral and political superiority. Vulgar demagogues like KEARNEY talk revolutionary rubbish in some parts of the United States, but no American politician of the rank of Mr. BRIGHT would condescend or would dare to ridicule victims of riotous mobs as "running for their lives."

#### THE NEW YEAR AND THE SESSION.

FOR England, and for a large part of the civilized world, the New Year starts with a fair promise of commercial prosperity. Russia is crippled with debt and embarrassed with famine, and the trade of India and China is still inactive. But in the three chief centres of commercial activity—the United States, France, and England—there is an obvious increase of prosperity, and of prosperity that is solid and based on the only ground that makes prosperity solid, the application of an abundant capital to the production of what is really wanted. How abundant capital is has been clearly shown in the closing months of the year that has passed by the great rise in the price of existing safe securities, and by the low rate at which sound borrowers, like Liverpool and India, have been able to get money. Although most of our great industries have been reviving, they have been reviving slowly, and no new capital has been required for them. Nor is it likely that the New Year will see any great inflation of prices. There is, of course, always the home market, and general prosperity at home keeps up the prices of all things needed here. But the great days of English inflation were days in which we got outsiders to take our goods at high prices in consideration of our lending them the money to pay us with. We still retain almost a monopoly of the carrying trade of the world, and among other advantages which we thus gain is that of being able to do a fair amount of business all over the

world. But we no longer do a great and exceptional business anywhere. The countries where most is going on in the application of capital to new industrial schemes are the United States and France, and we only get a fringe of American and French business. A trade steady rather than brilliant is what we have to look for at present, and this would be enough to make us content and reasonably happy if it were not for the depression of the greatest of all our industries, that of agriculture. What is and has been the real extent of agricultural depression is one of those facts which seem to lie open to every one, and yet which it is most difficult to get at. Of all people landowners are the least disposed to reveal their sufferings to the public, and farmers disappear here and there, and a ruined man in Essex has no communication with a ruined man in Gloucestershire. But, if any one ought to know what is really going on, it is the President of the Board of Trade; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has within the last few days asserted that the farmers who have been displaced and ruined may be numbered by tens of thousands, and that large districts are going out of cultivation. This is a gloomy picture, and more gloomy than we should have expected to see painted; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may have exceptional means of getting information. Even if it is true, all that can be said is that the process of English agriculture beginning to right itself will soon be visible. Some land thrown out of cultivation will remain uncultivated. Land fit only to grow fir trees or rabbits has been put under the plough, and will have to go back to its natural destination; but the really productive land of England is sure to be cultivated, and all that is as yet uncertain is on what terms and by what methods it will pay to cultivate it.

But although, if we take our industries as a whole, we may say that the New Year opens with the prospect of a quiet, progressive, and sound trade, there may probably be seen symptoms of a state of things not altogether in keeping with the general condition of the country. Some effects of bad times only show themselves when good times are beginning. Money is lost in bad times, but the signs that it has been lost may not appear at once. When money is lost by a great, sudden, and notorious catastrophe, as in the case of the Glasgow Bank, ruin is visible, as those who are ruined have to own their ruin. But, when means have been gradually diminished, the losers cannot all at once alter their mode of living. They have houses on their hands of which they cannot get rid until the lease expires. As long as they live in these houses they cannot reduce their establishments. They may also have children at expensive schools, and they cannot take children away from these schools. A boy who, according to the present means of his father, ought to be at Marlborough is at Harrow. If he is in a high form, it seems a great pity to stop him in his career, and he could not get in at Marlborough, even if his father wished, on account of his age. People therefore who in bad times find their incomes diminished cannot immediately retrench and sink a little capital to go on with. After a time the moment comes when they are free to retrench, and they take advantage of their opportunity; but by this time the bad times may be over for the nation, and a good time may have begun. It may not improbably be found that the year now beginning is the season of such a crisis, and then there may be new signs of diminished means while the nation as a whole is growing richer. Nor is it impossible that, although the general character of our trade is sound and quiet, there may be a revival of speculation. There is more capital than is wanted for our existing trade, and people foolishly perhaps, but naturally, get tired of three and a half per cent. in sound investments. Last year speculation took principally the form of bringing to high prices forgotten or discredited investments. It was not new things that were launched so much as old things that were brought to a new level. But there must evidently be a limit to old things that can be made to seem to deserve this sudden patronage; and if new things could be invented that took the fancy of the public, they might in the present temper of investors receive a warmer welcome than prudence would sanction. It is not necessary to say anything against the Panama Canal scheme in itself; but there must be in many countries a large number of sanguine and bold people when M. DE LESSEPS not only has got twelve millions subscribed, but has had to disappoint numerous applicants.

Parliament meets next Thursday, and after a long period



of silence and inaction, the Government will have to show itself to the Lords, the Commons, and the country. It is greatly in its favour that what promises to be a disturbed and anxious Session should open at a moment when the nation is beginning to enjoy a return of prosperity, and looks forward with some confidence to the future. We may be sure that the first thing that will happen will be that the Government will be taken to task for not having sooner put an end to the reign of lawlessness in Ireland. The Government deserves severe criticism on this head, and will receive it. But the effects of such criticism are necessarily limited. They tell more in the long run than at the time. There are few signs of impatience with the Government in the country. Scarcely a word is said against it in Wales, in Scotland, in the North, or in the Metropolitan boroughs. Then, again, it may be observed that the House of Commons very rarely quarrels with a Government about anything that is past. It is not what a Government has done, but what it is going to do, that stirs the House of Commons. When Greece had been coerced, and Denmark had been abandoned, Lord PALMERSTON got his absolution. When it was thought he was going to truckle to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and was going to make a senseless war on China, Parliament turned round on him. The real battle of the Session will probably be fought not even on the Irish Land Bill as a whole so much as on its details. The Government, too, may count on the valuable help of the extreme Irish faction. In no way could this faction help the Government so much as by wanton and persistent obstruction, and it has pledged itself to offer an obstruction of this sort from the very first day of the Session, and to all appearance it will fulfil its threat. The vast majority of the House of all parties will thus be occupied not in punishing the Government, but in fighting for its own existence as a legislative assembly. The severest critics of the Government may, before January is over, find that they have to rank themselves among its supporters in a new contest. For the future of England, if England is to remain at the head of Parliamentary governments, it is quite as necessary that the Obstruction question should be well and finally settled as that the Irish question should be, and the Government will probably have to settle the former question before it can settle the latter. This, then, is the situation at the beginning of the year. A Government that has justly laid itself open to much adverse criticism, but which has in its favour returning prosperity and the continued confidence of the constituencies, has to deal with the two most difficult questions with which a Government could have to deal. It remains for it to show, even at the eleventh hour, that it can deal with these firmly and wisely.

#### THE TRANSVAAL REBELLION.

THE disaster in the Transvaal will afford unmixed gratification to the enemies of England in Ireland and elsewhere. For the second time in two or three years English regular troops have suffered a heavy defeat in South Africa. Though it would be a relief to learn that the loss of life was overstated in the first account, it is certain that the defeat was absolute and decisive. Further information will be required before an opinion can be formed as to the responsibility which may have been incurred. It is evident that there must have been a serious error, either in exposing to attack a force too weak to defend itself, or in the conduct of the march. The original report of the number of killed and wounded indicated a gallant resistance to superior numbers; but it might have been thought that two hundred and fifty English soldiers were, on the defensive, a match for almost any force of irregular and undisciplined troops. There is no use in lamenting a catastrophe which is for the present complete. Unfortunately there is too much reason for regarding with anxiety the position of the scanty force which still remains in the Transvaal. Sir GEORGE COLLEY's messengers had at the date of the last account failed to open communications with Pretoria. It is certain that the malcontent Boers will be greatly encouraged by their decisive success; and probably those who were hesitating have by this time joined the insurrection. The English inhabitants of the province—who have, as might be expected, unanimously approved

of annexation—live chiefly in the little towns and villages; they are insufficiently armed; few of them are mounted; and the provisions and other stores are in the hands of the Dutch farmers. The late attack was probably a surprise, for some, at least, of the insurgents had ostentatiously declared their good will and respect for the Crown, although they professed a determination to assert their independence. Their object may perhaps have been to inspire the officer in command of the detachment with unfounded confidence. If there was a fair fight, the prowess of the Boers may excite some surprise. In their latest war with SECOCOENI, they seemed to have lost the military virtues of their race, although it was difficult to suppose that men of Dutch descent could be wanting in courage.

The erroneous policy which has caused the present war ought not to become a subject of party recrimination. There has been some time past little difference of opinion as to the mistake which was committed. Lord CARNARVON was the Minister responsible for the annexation, which had perhaps been contemplated by his predecessor, Lord KIMBERLEY. The Liberal Opposition at the time expressed a general approval of the measure; and yet it was effected without Lord CARNARVON's authority, and it is doubtful whether it received his subsequent approval. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who had been invested by the Colonial Secretary with large and elastic powers, suddenly proclaimed the suppression of the Republic on the ground of the imminent danger to which the local Government was exposed. Mr. BURGERS, then Governor, protested but faintly against the assumption of sovereignty by the English Government, but none of the principal inhabitants gave it their formal consent. There was no pretence of involuntary submission to superior force, for Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE was only accompanied by an escort of twenty or thirty soldiers. The passive acquiescence of the community furnished the most plausible justification of a proceeding which might have been expected to provoke angry remonstrance. When the news of the annexation reached England, Lord CARNARVON hesitated to approve the measure; but he declined to revoke it. In political matters the proverb that what ought not to have been done must nevertheless hold good when it is done, receives its most frequent application. The subject was afterwards languidly discussed in Parliament without eliciting strong disapprobation from any member except Mr. COURTNEY. It was at a later period that Mr. GLADSTONE added the annexation of the Transvaal to the long catalogue of the alleged crimes of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Ministry. He even declared that the territory must be restored to its former rulers; but "in a position of less freedom" and greater responsibility he announced, perhaps in deference to the judgment of a colleague, that the annexation was irrevocable. There is no reason to assume that the Minister's declaration was the cause of the present revolt. The pugnacious policy of the Boers may be more probably attributed to the Basuto war, which absorbs the energies of the Cape Colony. It may have been thought that the Imperial troops, though they have not yet taken part in the contest, could not safely be withdrawn from Cape Town. This is not the first instance of a disposition on the part of the Transvaal Boers to take advantage of native disturbance or discontent. There is reason to believe that some of their leaders intrigued with CETEWAYO, from whose superior power they had been protected, and even with their former enemy SECOCOENI. Their present calculations may perhaps be unsound. It seems probable that the colonists will subdue the Basutos without assistance; and the war in the Transvaal concerns the Imperial Government alone.

From the first the annexation has produced nothing but mischief. It was the principal cause of the Zulu war, or rather of the diversion of the ill-will of CETEWAYO from the Boers to the English Government, which he had previously always treated with respect. The arbitrator between himself and the authorities of the Transvaal had suddenly become a party to the litigation; and Sir BARTLE FRERE's interpretation of the award was not unnaturally attributed to the change of political relations. But for the hasty action of Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, the Zulu King, if he entertained any warlike designs, would assuredly have selected the Transvaal rather than the English provinces for attack; and the consequent need of protection would have brought about the annexation in the most simple and inoffensive way. The Boers, who were at first only sullen, have assumed a

more and more menacing attitude, until they commenced the present hostilities. It will be difficult either to reconquer the country or to acquiesce in defeat. It must also be remembered that protection is due to the English residents in the province, who conduct all its commercial business. The duty to the natives on which stress has sometimes been laid is less immediately urgent; but it must not be left wholly out of consideration. There is little use in discussing the reasons or motives of the dislike of the Boers to English supremacy. Difference of race and language generally explains the dislike of one community for another, and the Transvaal Boers have some reason to complain of the withdrawal of the independence which had been formerly conceded. It is said, and probably with truth, that the Boers object not only to English sovereignty, but to every kind of government; but it was not incumbent on their neighbours to correct their erroneous theories of civilization. The Dutch settlers live each in his vast farm with little ordinary intercourse except with their own families and dependents. It is easy to understand that they may feel a prejudice against judges, lawyers, magistrates, and policemen. The main objection to a mode of life which, if it was eccentric, suited themselves, was that the condition of their native servants was scarcely distinguishable from slavery. It is probable that they are now in a great degree inclined to take arms in defence of their domestic institutions, and it is satisfactory that the representative of the English Government is a soldier, and that he also possesses political and administrative experience. The Government has already complied with his request for an immediate reinforcement in the form of a cavalry regiment. The Boers are a community of horse-men, and they will find it easy to organize a commissariat. War is in any case a frightful evil, and reasonable politicians will not willingly abandon the hope that the present quarrel may be settled by some kind of compromise or agreement. In this dispute it is impossible to be satisfied that the English Government is wholly in the right; and Europeans of one of the best stocks are more unwelcome opponents than savages, not merely because they are more formidable enemies. The question is complicated by the existence in the Cape Colony of a large population of the same blood and language with the Boers who are now in the field. The annexation was not favourably regarded by the Dutch inhabitants of the colony, although they offered no active resistance to the measure. It is not known how far the Basuto war may modify their opinions. They cannot but feel that the Transvaal insurgents, although they revolt only against the Imperial Government, are effecting a diversion in favour of the Basutos. The natives in all parts of South Africa will identify the cause of the English Government with that of European supremacy; and they will probably think that the detachment which has been defeated and destroyed was a part of the force with which they might eventually have to contend. On the meeting of Parliament next week the Government may perhaps be in a position to give further information. No future success will entirely remove the painful impression which has been produced by the recent disaster.

#### THE TRIAL OF THE AGITATORS.

**M**ERELY mischievous politicians—if so grave a title may be given to merely mischievous people—may perhaps have been somewhat sorry that the dramatic termination so confidently predicted to the State trial at Dublin did not take place. A collapse of the proceedings through the non-attendance of sufficient jurymen would have been a conclusion sufficiently lame and impotent; but it would have been in no sense satisfactory except to unthinking opponents and to long-sighted partisans of the Government. It would have given them, in a manner, an excuse for their inaction and a way out of a very awkward position, while, on the other hand, it would have been a triumph and an encouragement to evil-doers. It is true that knowing and ready-tongued persons already declare loudly that a somewhat similar result will in any case follow in consequence of the deliberate refusal of the jury to agree. Boycotting, or the threat of Boycotting, it is said, has been extensively applied already, and unfortunately the jury is composed for the most part of persons whose avocations render them

directly liable to the new form of persecution. Obviously, however, it is impossible fairly to assert beforehand that any such result will take place. Jurymen, like prisoners, must be assumed innocent until they are proved guilty. Yet the first day of the proceedings, although the promised collapse did not take place, was enlivened by a sufficiently dramatic incident. Lord Chief Justice MAY, in a set speech, referred to the comments which had been made on his former utterances, and in a dignified manner enough announced his intention of not sitting during the trial. It is not an altogether desirable thing that the conduct of judges should be influenced by popular comments, but perhaps the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE took the best way out of a very difficult position, in which, it must be admitted, a certain lack of discretion had placed him. He might, had he originally ordered his words in the fashion in which as we now know he meant to order them, have avoided the difficulty. As it is, it is pretty certain that the Land League will have, in the event of a conviction, no rag of excuse left that it has not had a fair trial as far as the Bench is concerned. On the application for postponement Mr. Justice BARRY was less decidedly hostile to the traversers than either of his colleagues; while, despite the disgraceful insults inflicted on him at Cork, it is certain that Mr. Justice FITZGERALD possesses the confidence of all Irishmen of respectability, no matter to what party they may belong.

The proceedings of the first week have necessarily been occupied almost exclusively with the opening speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mr. LAW had a very difficult task to perform—a task the difficulty of which lay both inside and outside the limits of his ostensible subject. The history of the organization called the Land League, the description of its principal members, of their acts, and especially of those acts for which the law now seeks to fix its grasp upon them, might not, under certain circumstances, have been an ungrateful task. The impassioned eloquence for which the Irish Bar is famous would certainly have been at home in the unfolding of the terrible picture of the state of Ireland during the last few months. Mr. LAW's gifts of exposition, however, are not at any time—to judge from the Parliamentary utterances which afford Englishmen their chief means of judging him—extraordinarily great, and, as we shall take occasion to point out presently, there was, in *Æschylean* phrase, "a huge ox on his tongue." Still, he battled with his difficulties as well as he could, and laid before judges and jury a statement which, if duly supported by evidence such as in the opinion of the jury deserves credence and in the opinion of the judges is sufficient to prove legal guilt, ought certainly to suffice for conviction. Perhaps it may be suggested that the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL was a little unwise in pouring so great an amount of scorn on the social position of some of the traversers. It may be, and no doubt is, a preposterous thing that clerks, shoemakers, shopkeepers, and so forth, should band themselves together to upset the social system of a country; but the precise amount of legal guilt which is fixed upon them by their antecedent occupations is a little difficult to discover. Supposing the traversers to be guilty, it is not obvious why Mr. PARNELL the landlord is a less mischievous person or a less contemptible person than Mr. BOYTON the shopkeeper's son, and Mr. NALLY the "Nothing." Supposing that they are innocent, their social position seems equally irrelevant to the question. Nor is it difficult to see that a jury which, as we read, consists of confectioners, grocers, tailors, and so forth, might be a little slow to perceive the criminality or contemptibility of occupations similar to their own. However, Mr. LAW had no doubt a full right to choose the line of argument which seemed to him best. Nor was he at a loss for flowers of illustration to garnish it. As might be expected, the language of the traversers differed. Mr. PARNELL, as most people know, has refrained (from what motives we need not pause to inquire) from direct incitements to violence, and even from the cheerful allusions to pills, ropes'-lengths, and so forth, which some of his lieutenants have allowed themselves. He has sat by or stood by and listened, but that is all. Messrs. GORDON, NALLY, BRENNAN, and their likes, have, however, or would seem to have, if the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is prepared with evidence to substantiate his charge, fully made up for their chief's reticence. The citations, moreover, which Mr. LAW made, and for which he doubtless has chapter and



verse, contained abundance of language the legal value of which will have to be decided, but which to lay ears is sufficiently significant. Mr. LAW, at any rate, did not mince his words in the matter. According to Mr. GLADSTONE'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND, the association of the traversers was one intended "to de-spoil others of their legal rights, to defeat the administration of justice, to inculcate general breach of contract." He found in their proceedings "direct incitement to murder." The Land League was "an intolerable tyranny"; it said, or as good as said, "Fraud is good, but force is better."

This is the view of the state of affairs in Ireland during the last eight or nine months, but especially during the last three or four, which is professionally entertained by the professional law adviser of the Irish Government. Let us suppose that we have no information at all on the matter, and that we are able to await the proof or disproof of Mr. LAW's statements by the evidence, with that perfectly open and unbiassed mind which is supposed to be proper. One thing, however, we have in evidence already—the view which the Government takes of the state of Ireland. Mr. LAW is our witness—the very best witness that could possibly be. Yet the Government of which Mr. LAW is an officer has by its own confession waited from April to December before taking measures to put a stop to this state of affairs. The agitators have been perfectly free to continue doing these things which seem to Mr. LAW so shocking; the intolerable tyranny of which he complains has been allowed to spread its nets and rivet its fetters over three parts of the country. Mr. LAW thinks (and the Government is bound to be of his opinion) that there was direct incitement to murder so long ago as the 4th of July. We are now very close on the 4th of January, and nothing has been done to put a stop to this incitement. It is in this that the terrible difficulty which must have beset the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL is to be found. All the time that he was stating his views as to the conduct of the traversers he was drawing up an indictment, heavier and heavier at each word he uttered, against his colleagues or superiors. When a man holds a material knife over the head of a victim, and the law takes note of it, he is not usually permitted to go about at large with the knife, and to repeat his offence, if he pleases, from July to December. We offer no opinion as to the correctness of Mr. LAW's description of the conduct of the traversers; we give it as his description only. His appearance in the place and in the circumstances in which his speech was delivered identifies the members of the Ministry, from Mr. GLADSTONE downward, with his view. We have, therefore, almost for the first time, an acknowledgment by the Government that the evil case of Ireland has not been exaggerated, and implied in this an acknowledgment that they themselves have done nothing to check it until it has spread from Donegal to Wexford, and from Kerry to Antrim. It would be, of course, no part of an Attorney-General's duty to enter in a court of justice upon an explanation of this singular attitude. Mr. LAW's mouth was shut on this point, while it was widely opened on all others. Hence his position may be said to have been one of the most uncomfortable that any advocate could well be placed in. Perhaps, however, he may, after all, be congratulated on having only to attack his own Government, and not to defend it. The defence would puzzle the ingenuity of the most ingenious utilizer of apple-pips. It could indeed only take one form—the familiar plea that in some cases it is well to give suspected persons rope that they may hang themselves. But there would be a fatal flaw in this exculpation. For, according to Mr. LAW's own statement, the result of the delay has been that the accused persons have made use of the rope given them to hang other and guiltless victims. This, we should imagine, is hardly a sufficient justification. It is less usual with English than with French advocates to publish their speeches; but, if Mr. LAW's be published, the most appropriate title would certainly be "The Case Against the Government."

#### EASTERN AFFAIRS.

IF the concert of Europe is worth anything, it ought to prevail over the not unreasonable objections of both Greece and Turkey to arbitration. It is true that there is not for the present any threat of force in the background;

but it is for the interest of both disputants to have their quarrel peaceably accommodated. One party justly relies on legal right to an ancient possession; the other is strong in a claim founded on practical and political expediency. The decision of war, depending on a comparison of material forces, would be irrespective of either pretension. Even the resources on which the two Governments respectively count are not so unequal as they may appear at first sight. The Turkish troops are probably more than a match for their adversaries; but Greece, unlike Turkey, has neither insurrections nor other diversions to apprehend. It would be a waste of strength for the Turks to defend the territory which they have always professed their willingness to cede; but they are not likely to accept a suggestion that they should at once retire within the boundary line which they have themselves proposed. Their late diplomatic language has been reasonable and dignified. There has been no ostentatious display of force, though they announce their determination to fight in the last resort. The Greeks, as might be expected, are more loudly pugnacious, though it may be doubted whether they are prepared finally to reject the offer of arbitration. It is scarcely probable that the Great Powers would give the Government of a minor State the opportunity of directly repelling counsels which might at pleasure be converted into commands. It is supposed that the armaments which were denounced some time ago are still proceeding; but the danger to the constitution and dynasty which was represented as the necessary consequence of a moderate policy has not of late been so loudly proclaimed as in an earlier stage of the negotiations. The chance of avoiding war has improved since the close of the naval demonstration and the refusal of several of the Great Powers to participate in the seizure of the Smyrna Customs duties.

It has been justly remarked that the discussions on the proposed mode of settling the dispute really apply rather to the substance of the future award than to the submission of Greece and Turkey to any independent tribunal. Nations can seldom afford to run the risk of an open arbitration, except on issues of secondary importance; but an ostensibly impartial judgment may often supply a convenient form of compromise or concession. If it is true that Russia has, after some hesitation, concurred in the project of arbitration, there must be reason to expect a definitive result. It seems that the suggestion was first made by the French Government, and it appears to have been cordially accepted by Germany and Austria. England has not stood aloof from the other Powers, although a more vigorous mode of one-sided intervention would perhaps have been more palatable to the Government. It can scarcely have been at any time a condition of the arrangement that both the litigants should voluntarily demand arbitration. It will be enough if one of them applies to the Powers for their intervention, and if the other ultimately concurs in the submission. There is a certain inconsistency between the present proceedings and the summary decision of the Conference of Berlin. It is possible that, at that time, the other Governments supposed that England and France had come to an understanding both on the claims of Greece and on the means by which they were to be satisfied. The abortive result of the Conference furnishes a reason for changing the form of negotiation; and the six great European Powers can afford to be indifferent even to well-founded criticism. The rumour that Prince BISMARCK had spoken slightly of the Greek claims to Janina may probably have been unfounded, but it is nearly certain that some compromise is in preparation; for the Turkish Government will not submit to arbitration without an assurance of being relieved from some part of the sacrifices imposed by the Berlin Conference.

It is not known whether the cession of Crete instead of Epirus and Thessaly has at any time been seriously proposed. If any suggestion of the kind was made, the Government of Athens was well advised in rejecting a scheme which would also have met with probably insurmountable obstacles on the side of Turkey. It is not improbable that Crete may hereafter either become independent or be united with the kingdom of Greece; but no other territory could form an equivalent for Thessaly and Southern Epirus. The arguments for annexation which are derived from identity of race and language would be as forcible, and perhaps still more effective, after the acquisition by Greece of Crete, or even of all the neighbouring islands.

Brigandage on the frontier would still be encouraged, and the Greeks would only wait for an opportunity of future aggression. The ethnological theory according to which nearly every State in Europe might be dismembered has been, and will be hereafter, a fruitful cause of trouble and war; but it is more plausibly applied to the demarcation of the Greek frontier than to almost any other territorial rearrangement. The question of the limits of independent Greece was raised between fifty and sixty years ago, and, if general opinion is well founded, it was wrongly decided. The new State was not large enough for economical administration, or even for self-defence, though it was fortunately for other reasons not liable to the risk of reconquest. The only aggrandizement which it has since received consisted in the acquisition, by the voluntary surrender of the English protectorate, of the Ionian Islands. With an addition of territory, which may probably be secured through the good will of the Powers, the kingdom will be so far enlarged that the Greeks may wait patiently for further windfalls which are not unlikely to occur. There are strong reasons in favour of the frontier which was selected by the Berlin Conference; but it is not certain that so favourable a settlement can be attained by force.

Although it seems improbable that the six Great Powers should fail in attaining an object on which they are seriously bent, it is necessary to be prepared for a more unfavourable result. The latest accounts from Constantinople and from Athens are equally discouraging; and, although in diplomatic transactions extreme obstinacy sometimes immediately precedes concession, it is possible that the Turks may ultimately rely on their military superiority, and that the Greek Government may trust to the neighbouring alliances which it is likely to secure. It is said that the Greek conscription lists, which include one hundred and twenty thousand names, will furnish half that number of recruits, and it is calculated that between 20,000 and 30,000 men will be added to the army from those who have completed their term of military service. The naval authorities are actively engaged in the preparation of torpedoes, which may probably be sufficient to defend the coasts and ports. The Greeks probably hope to raise levies in the provinces which they propose to liberate; but the disposition of the Albanian tribes, which form the most warlike part of the population, is imperfectly known. In Northern Albania, at a distance from the probable field of action, some of the chiefs appear to be disaffected to the SULTAN. The inhabitants of Janina and the neighbouring country have not had the opportunity of exhibiting their political predilections. Negotiations have probably been instituted with the Governments of the wholly or partially emancipated Turkish provinces. The late resignation of ALEKO PASHA, though it has since been revoked, is probably explained by his supposed objection to a plan for the union of East Roumelia with Bulgaria. It is easy to understand that, independently of the allegiance which he has undertaken to render to the Porte, a dignitary who is almost a sovereign prince may be unwilling to compromise his position. If the story is true, its significance is derived from the coincidence of time between the Greek preparations for war and the existence of an intrigue which would issue in war against Turkey. That some conspiracy of the kind is apprehended may be inferred from the extreme solicitude of the Great Powers to preserve the peace. They might regard with comparative equanimity a local war between Greece and Turkey, confined to the limits of the territory in dispute. A general struggle, involving perhaps the final disruption of European Turkey, would be complicated and dangerous. The probability of a Bulgarian war, or of an insurrection in Macedonia or East Roumelia, might be possibly regarded at Constantinople as a reason for precipitating an inevitable conflict. Neither the Greeks nor their probable allies are equal in discipline and in other warlike qualities to the remnant of the Turkish army which long held the Russian invaders in check. On the other hand, Turkey is oppressed by an inherent weakness in the form of inability to retaliate on hostile neighbours. A Turkish army would not be allowed permanently to occupy a Greek province, nor would the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin be invalidated by any Turkish victory. At present the most confident of political prophets might hesitate to forecast the course of Eastern affairs.

#### THE ATALANTA REPORT.

IT is curious to observe that when a great disaster is shown to have been due to misfortune a certain feeling of dissatisfaction is usually manifested. The public seems to have a strong desire that some one shall be pronounced responsible; and, if no culprit can be found, considerable indignation not unfrequently arises. Not a little has this strange unreasoning feeling—so singularly like that of the absolute monarch who always finds grounds for executions after a disaster—been excited by the loss of the *Atalanta*. When the news of that terrible calamity came there was most rightly a demand for full investigation; and the Admiralty, in accordance with obvious necessity, appointed a Committee to ascertain whether the vessel was seaworthy when she sailed on her last cruise. There was some cavilling at the constitution of the Committee; but this was of a very petty kind, and no reasons worth attention have ever been adduced for doubting its competence or impartiality. After a very long and careful investigation, this body has now made its Report, which, though somewhat vaguely worded, seems practically to exonerate the Admiralty; and this acquittal has certainly been received with discontent. Exactly the opposite feeling would be more creditable, and in some countries would be excited. It would have been most painful to find that the body which governs the national navy was so careless or so incompetent as to send a dangerous vessel to sea with three hundred men on board, and surely there should be a feeling of relief when the Admiralty is pronounced Not Guilty. Instead of this, some anger is shown. The public apparently learn with no small regret that the men at the head of the most important department of the Government are neither grossly incompetent nor criminally negligent.

Doubtless there would be cause enough for anger if it could be shown that the Report was too lenient, or that there was a distinct attempt to shield those who were responsible for a great disaster. Better admit that the navy is in unsafe hands than absolve those officials whose conduct merits the gravest censure. Clearly, however, to justify discontent there must be distinct proof of the partiality of the Committee, and of the incompetence of those who allowed the *Atalanta* to go to sea. There must be something more than vague surmises, and absolute reliance must not be placed on bold but unsupported hypotheses. The Committee must be distinctly shown to be wrong in acquitting the Admiralty, and the reasons for holding that body responsible must be stated in a convincing manner, if the dissatisfaction which the Report seems to have caused is to be thought legitimate. How far this is the case, how far any valid reasons for thinking the Report wrong have been brought forward, will be best shown by shortly considering the Report and the objections that have been urged against it. Before doing this, however, it is necessary to dispose of one very preposterous criticism which has been made with all gravity. The Committee were instructed to inquire "into the efficiency of Her Majesty's ship *Atalanta*, and to report to their Lordships whether she was sound, stable, and seaworthy" when she left for the West Indies, and whether she was properly rigged, and had a sufficient crew. It has been said that this was not enough, and that the Committee should have been directed to inquire into the causes of the vessel's loss. Now, as the actual cause of the vessel's loss—or, in other words, the manner in which she was lost—can by no conceivable means be ascertained, and in all human probability will never be known, the Committee might as well have been told to inquire into the causes of the loss of the *President*. They were directed to ascertain what could be ascertained—namely, whether the vessel was seaworthy and properly manned when she sailed for the West Indies. On these points they have returned answers which might perhaps have been stated more clearly, but which undoubtedly seem to show that they consider the Admiralty free from blame.

This conclusion is supported in the Report by a careful consideration of all the facts relating to the vessel which are known. After dealing with some minor matters, the Committee enter at great length into the question of the vessel's stability, which, as we need hardly say, was the most important they had to consider. Stability has been often defined of late, but still it may be well to define it once more. It is the force with which a ship, when inclined by the wind or from other causes from the upright



position, tends to return to it. The *Atalanta* had very great initial stability—that is to say, she offered great resistance to the wind at small angles of inclination—and she had also a considerable range of stability; but at large angles her recovering power was sensibly diminished. The vanishing point was reached at an angle of  $96^{\circ}$ ; and consequently, when the vessel was absolutely on her beam ends, she had but the very slightest righting power. It is to be observed that the *Atalanta*, when called the *Juno*, went through two long commissions, in the first of which she encountered a very large number of heavy gales. It appears that those in charge of her were perfectly content with her in a sea, and that not the slightest apprehension as to her stability was ever entertained by the thoroughly experienced seamen who handled her. When she was turned into a training-ship her stability was increased, as her centre of gravity was lowered, first nine inches, and then nearly three inches more. She was therefore safer than when she was thought perfectly safe by men of the fullest experience in sailing-vessels. Still, she was not theoretically perfect. She was not absolutely uncapsizable. By selecting from the whole vast fleet of merchant ships certain vessels Mr. W. JOHN, an assistant to the Chief Surveyor of LLOYD'S, was able to show that there were ships with greater stability at large angles than the *Atalanta*. It can hardly be a very difficult task to select from the innumerable types which have come into existence since the *Atalanta* was built some which are in one respect safer than she was. The question is whether her small recovering power at very large angles was such as to endanger her. On this question the opinion of experienced sailors appears to have been unanimous, and in support of this opinion we may refer to an account, published some time ago, of the heaving down of a vessel similar in type to the *Atalanta*. When an angle of  $70^{\circ}$  was reached the strain on the heaving-down tackle was so great that the enormous strop of one of the huge blocks used gave way, and the ship righted herself. A fact of this kind is worth volumes of doubtful figures and speculation. It can hardly be seriously maintained that a ship similar to the one which had such enormous righting power at  $70^{\circ}$  was in grave danger of capsizing, and it is by no means astonishing to find that the Committee do not appear to have attached any very great weight to Mr. JOHN'S views. They say, respecting the question of stability:—"The conclusion to which we have come, after a full consideration of all the facts of the case, is that she was, on the whole, a very stable ship, except at large angles of heel, that she was more stable than when first commissioned as a training-ship, and much more so than in her previous commissions as a man-of-war." The exception made as to large angles of heel has been seized upon by the critics who give expression to the unfounded discontent which the Report has caused as showing that the *Atalanta* was not really a safe ship. Theoretically safe she was not, and scarcely any vessels are in every respect. But, unless there was gross negligence, she was practically in very little danger of capsizing at sea. In all probability her masts—or at least her topmasts—would have gone before the wind had forced her over to the angle at which her stability was lost.

The other important question which the Committee had to decide was that which related to the vessel's rolling. Like all the ships designed by Sir WILLIAM SYMONDS, she was a very heavy roller, and Captain STIRLING stated, in his Report to the Admiralty, that she rolled her nettings—i.e. the boarding at the top of the bulwarks in which the hammocks are placed—under water. Whether this happened often does not seem to be clear; but there can be no doubt that the *Atalanta* lurched very deeply. Rolling may endanger a vessel by causing her to strain so much as to leak largely, but it seems clear that this did not happen with the *Atalanta*. There was a certain amount of leakage after her first cruise as a training-ship; but the Committee are convinced that this was due to the working of the bilge-keel bolts, caused by the straining of the bilge-keels when they struck the water. These were removed, and there is no reason for supposing that, after their removal, the vessel strained in such a way as to cause serious leaks. It has been frequently suggested that the *Atalanta* may have lurched so far that she could not recover; but the evidence is entirely against this singular supposition. Captain STIRLING did not estimate the heaviest lurch at more

than  $45^{\circ}$ , and the *Atalanta*'s stability extended far beyond this angle. To contend, therefore, as one writer has done, that the *Atalanta*'s heavy rolling made her dangerous, and may have been the cause of her loss, is merely to advance a contention which can be shown to be unsupported by fact.

It seems scarcely necessary to notice the statements which have been made respecting the danger of all Symondite ships. Very unsatisfactory vessels in many respects they undoubtedly were; but to infer, as has been done, that they were too dangerous to be sent to sea, is merely to give an example of the boldness which comes from complete ignorance. It seems that, out of two hundred ships built by Sir WILLIAM SYMONDS, four were missing during fifty years. These two hundred, it is to be remembered, were all, or nearly all, sailing-ships, and an average loss of two per cent. can hardly be considered such as should deter the Admiralty from commissioning a vessel of the Symondite class. It must not be forgotten, however, that vessels belonging to that class must needs be old, and at one time it seemed not unfair to assume that the loss of the *Atalanta* was due to her being too old and weak to encounter a winter gale in the Atlantic. It now appears, however, that she was thoroughly repaired before she was equipped as a training ship; and indeed it has been said that a new vessel might have been built for the money spent on her. Although, therefore, she was thirty-six years old when she sailed on her last voyage, her loss cannot be attributed to weakness.

How that loss was caused can never now be known, and any speculation with regard to it is of small value. The Committee very rightly draw attention to the fact that the part of the Atlantic in which the *Atalanta* would have crossed on her voyage home was, after she left Bermuda, visited by storms of such exceptional violence as to cause the loss of a large number of merchant vessels. It appears that no less than thirty ships, which were known to be in that part of the ocean in which the *Atalanta* is supposed to have gone down, have disappeared as she did. Her loss, therefore, though a most terrible calamity, was not a very surprising one. War ships enjoy no immunity from the winds and the waves, and are not necessarily safe when other vessels are in danger. There is no need to assume that, because a hurricane has overwhelmed a ship, some one must be to blame. It was clearly imperative that all that could be discovered respecting the ill-fated *Atalanta* should be ascertained by strict investigation, but it was monstrous to assume that the investigation must lead to the condemnation of the Admiralty. A full inquiry has been made, and the result of that investigation apparently is to show that the Admiralty is not responsible for the loss of the three hundred men who went down in the vessel. In such a result there is surely nothing which should cause dissatisfaction.

#### JUDICIAL RECREATIONS.

EVER since the elevation of Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS to the Bench his many friends and admirers must have been looking out for something remarkable in the way of speech or action from one whose acceptance of his high office was marked by so much that was peculiar. When Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS, after telegraphing to his constituents that he would never leave them for an ordinary judgeship, did after all desert them for that particular position and no other, there were in truth but two interpretations to be placed on his conduct. One was that Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS had become convinced subsequently to the despatch of his telegram that an ordinary judgeship was not so far below his merits as he had at first supposed; the other was that he felt within him the capacity of showing that, though he might hold an ordinary judgeship, he could never be an ordinary judge. The first of these explanations never appeared really probable. It was necessary, in order to accept it, to attribute to Mr. Justice WILLIAMS a sudden accession of exaggerated humility hardly to be distinguished from a culpable want of self-respect. Why should it be assumed that Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS'S second thoughts about himself were necessarily his best thoughts? He has been often enough in contact with the holders of ordinary judgeships to have taken their exact measure; and the act of sending off a telegram is not sufficiently exciting to make it likely that he should say

about himself anything that he did not think. There seems no reason for supposing that by the time he accepted an ordinary judgeship he had convinced himself that he was no better than other ordinary judges, beyond the fact that he did accept one. By itself no doubt this fact would go some way to support the view we are combating. But all along there has been another hypothesis having at least an equal claim upon our attention, and just a week ago this other hypothesis was reduced to certainty. After the exhibition which he made of his powers on Christmas Day at a "literary gathering" held at Ebenezer, near Carnarvon, there is no room for doubt that the second of the two interpretations put on Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS'S conduct was the true one. He condescended to take an ordinary judgeship because he felt that he could never be mistaken for an ordinary judge. Though in name he might be no higher than the judicial crowd, in originality he would tower above them. A sordid Government might suppress two chief justiceships out of three and give the third to the wrong man, but the world would recognize the supremacy of Mr. Justice WILLIAMS, and feel that where he was there was the genuine successor of Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN.

What happened at the "literary gathering near Ebenezer" fully bears out this estimate of Mr. Justice WILLIAMS'S powers. With admirable ingenuity he contrived in a few telling sentences to put his hearers in possession of the best thoughts of the best thinker on the two subjects which most occupy public attention at this moment. The country, he said, is at present disturbed by two classes of law-breakers, and, as often happens with twin products of one and the same social state, the two have many points in common. On the one hand, there is the Ritualist, semi-Romish, clergyman who, having entered the Protestant Established Church, and having accepted and enjoyed its profits and emoluments, sets the law of the land at defiance. On the other hand, there is the Irish peasant, suffering and degraded from generations of oppression, generous and excitable, steeped in ignorance and superstition, and driven to despair by the want of food and shelter for his wife and little ones. He also, driven on by unscrupulous agitators, sets the law of the land at defiance. A less severely reticent man than Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS would have gone on to tell his hearers which of the two classes he thought the worst. As he put the facts, there cannot be a moment's real uncertainty upon this point. Where crimes are equal, any difference that is observable between them must rest upon the circumstances in which they are severally committed. If on the one side there is ignorance and provocation, and on the other side knowledge and an entire absence of temptation, the moral gulf between the two may be almost infinite. But Mr. Justice WILLIAMS had no wish to prejudice the "literary gathering at Ebenezer" even against the vilest Ritualist. With as much reserve as though he was charging a jury, he sets out the facts and leaves his hearers to draw the inevitable conclusion. For that it is inevitable no one can question for a moment. The Ritualist clergyman and the Irish peasant alike set at naught the laws of their country. But the Irish peasant has a thousand excuses. He is excitable, ignorant, and despairing. His wife and little ones are houseless and starving, and in this state the unscrupulous agitator finds him and makes him his prey. He is not blameless—Mr. Justice WATKIN WILLIAMS is too heroically just to hold that opinion. But is he to be named in the same breath with the double-dyed law-breaker who commits precisely the same offence without any excuse at all? The Ritualist clergyman is not ignorant—on the contrary he has necessarily had a decent education, to however bad a use he may have turned it. The Ritualist clergyman has no cause for despair. His wife and children, if he has any, are not starving; on the contrary they are living in plenty on the profits and emoluments of that Established Church of which the husband and father has voluntarily become a minister. The Ritualist is not driven on by unscrupulous agitators; he is himself an agitator, urging on deluded congregations to countenance his defiance of the law. There was no need for Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS to stop short at this point, and say that he would leave others to say which was the worst of the two. As he thought proper to describe the offences, there was no room for hesitation. The man who does what he must know to be wrong, under no pressure of strong or sudden temptation, but from a wilful preference for wrongdoing, is so obvi-

ously a greater criminal than the man who does what his misguided and unenlightened conscience probably tells him to be right, and does it under the strongest inducements of misery and hunger, that Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS might as well have given his own opinion on the matter. He did not make things in any way better by this sudden assumption of judicial impartiality. When he had told the story in his own way, he had done all that was required of him. There was not a man or woman at the "literary gathering at Ebenezer" who did not know what Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS meant him to infer as well as if it had been drawn out in words.

No, Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS is not an ordinary judge. No ordinary judge would have set the acts of the Ritualist clergy on a level with the acts of the Land Leaguers. No ordinary judge would have applied to the latter no worse epithets than ignorant and superstitious, and qualified even these by the terms "generous and excitable." No ordinary judge would have insinuated that the former enter the Established Church with no better motive than to enjoy its profits and emoluments, and that, once in possession of them, they contentedly set at naught the conditions on which they are enjoyed. No ordinary judge would have hinted in words too plain to be mistaken that the offence of wearing a particular vestment, in the full knowledge that imprisonment will probably follow, is at the very least as heinous as the offence of shooting landlords, carding tenants, and maiming cattle. No ordinary judge would have described the country as equally troubled by these two classes of law-breakers, or ignored the fact that the one, whatever may be their demerits, only ask to be allowed to go their own way, whereas the others are bent upon forcing every one who presumes to differ from them to follow theirs. No ordinary judge would have shown such abiding regard for his former constituents when coming among them for the first time after his elevation to the Bench as to trifle with a grave issue of Imperial policy in order to magnify, for the momentary gratification of a few Welsh Dissenters, the faults of an unpopular party in the Church of England. On the whole, however, our privileges seem almost greater than we can bear. These new views of mora's and politics are beyond us. A vestment and a rifle may be equally mischievous instruments, but we are too old-fashioned to see it. A crotchet about the nature of Lord PENZANCE'S jurisdiction may be as subversive of the fundamental principles of human society as the theories which have brought Ireland to the edge of revolution; but the speculations which treat the two as identical are too excellent for us. In the person of Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS the judicial Bench becomes too dazzling bright for mortal gaze. Give us, we cry, in an ecstasy of self-abasement, our ordinary judges once more.

#### THURINGIAN LANDOWNERS.

A REPORT has lately been issued among those furnished from time to time by members of the English diplomatic service which gives an account of the mode in which land is held in the district of Thuringia. This region of central Germany is now divided into the territories of many small States, of which Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is the best known, perhaps, to Englishmen. Thuringia has the advantage of showing in its extreme form the system of peasant proprietorships. The land is almost all owned by the persons who cultivate it, and there is an almost unlimited subdivision of the soil. Scarcely any restrictions on the transfer and acquisition of land exist; and for more than forty years the peasant has held his land free from any dues to his lord. In 1838, where the Crown was the superior, feudal exactions were abolished without indemnity; while in the case of the other lords of the soil a price was fixed within which all feudal dues were to be redeemed. Banks were started to assist the peasants, and after enabling them to pay off the landlords, continued to lend money to cultivators at a very low rate of interest, and to receive and allow interest on the savings of depositors. Facilities were given to life-tenants of entailed properties to acquire absolute ownership of their properties by compensating at fixed rates the co-heirs in tail; and such advantage has been taken of these facilities that the great bulk of entailed estates has come into the market, and they have been eagerly bought and subdivided into small holdings. So far as



there is any check on subdivision, it is imposed, not in the interest of the holders, but solely in that of the Treasury, the State being anxious to have solvent persons from whom it can collect taxes. The craving for land is universal and unceasing, and the holdings are often much too small to provide a maintenance for the holder and his family; but then every one who ministers to the wants of an agricultural community—the farrier, the shopkeeper, the producer of the rude manufactures of the country—is a landowner, and must have his holding if he wishes to feel respectable, although he lives by something else. Thuringia, therefore, is a home of peasant proprietors; but it is not a home of peasant proprietors who lead a very cheerful or comfortable life. The man works and his wife works, and his boys and girls work, and they work all day long. There is an air of squalor about their homes. They have to keep themselves as well as they can on a very poor diet, and they are often encumbered with debt, and occasionally live in all the anxiety and torture of impending insolvency.

Such is the sketch given by Mr. SCOTT, and it would be difficult to find a better example of what peasant proprietorship is like when a fair average instance is taken. Some observations on what Mr. SCOTT has to tell us naturally suggest themselves. In the first place, it is nothing new to hear that the life of a peasant proprietor is very dull, very hard, and very comfortless. However dull it may be, however hard and however comfortless, he likes it. He has a craving for land of his own, and to gratify this craving, when once it has got a hold of him, he will go through anything. But it must not be supposed that all men have a real wish to become peasant proprietors, or have the stuff in them to make such a mode of holding land answer in the sense that it can be said to answer at all. The peasant proprietors of Thuringia were not suddenly invented. They had been peasant proprietors for ages, only they had held the land under certain vexatious obligations to feudal superiors. They were enabled in 1838 not to buy the land, but to commute the dues; and this was exactly what took place in France at the time of the Revolution. Some peasants became proprietors by buying up at a ridiculously cheap rate the confiscated property of the nobility; but these new proprietors fell into the ranks of a vast body of old proprietors, to whom the Revolution merely gave a quittance of feudal dues. In the next place, the peasants of Thuringia have been artificially helped out of their most serious difficulty. Peasant proprietors at some period of their career are invariably borrowers, and in Thuringia banks have been established to lend money to the peasants at very low rates. When a system of peasant proprietorship is fully established banks can afford to lend money at low rates. If there is always some one with money to take the place of the man who is without money, a lender knows that his security is good, even though his debtor may be insolvent. A mortgage on the land is safe, a mortgage on stock is secured by a ready sale. But before a peasant proprietorship is established, it is often blighted by the terms on which money has to be borrowed. The lender knows that he must either take over the land and stock himself and become a cultivator instead of a moneylender, or he must let one impecunious man take the place of another. He, therefore, in view of his risk, charges a high rate of interest, and in a bad year this is more than the peasant can bear. This, if we may trust M. TISSOT's book on Unknown Hungary, which has just been translated into English, is what has taken place in some parts at least of Hungary. There, too, the peasant got rid, thirty years ago, of his dues and his feudal superior; but M. TISSOT found peasants who heartily wished the old times back again. They had never managed to get a start. They were in the hands of the Jews instead of in the hands of the lords, and they liked the lords best.

Then, again, it is to be noticed that in Thuringia the land which did not formerly belong to peasant proprietors has come into the hands of men of this class, or, in other words, peasant proprietorship has extended itself over the country, because its extension was made possible by legal changes. Life tenants were enabled to sell, and everything that was possible was done to make the transfer of land cheap and easy. This may seem not a very difficult thing to do, but practically it is very difficult. The BRIGHT Clauses of the Irish Land Act have failed, as most Englishmen know; but it may be suspected that not many Englishmen know why they broke down. They broke

down simply because no legal machinery was invented for carrying them into effect. Whenever there has been a question of the interpretation of doubtful words in the Irish Land Act, the Irish Courts have decided in favour of the tenant. The Landed Estates Court was ready to give an absolute, indisputable title to what it allowed to pass. The life tenant had by the Act powers of sale. Why, then, did not the land pass from the selling proprietor to the purchasing tenant? Merely because the inquiries that had to be made cost so much time and money that the tenant, so to speak, could not get at the land. The Court had to be satisfied that every person having even the remotest interest in the reversion was before it. It then had to be assured that the tenant was giving a fair price for the land, and that he himself was really the tenant, had no one interested with him, and had the sole right to take advantage of the Act. Then, again, the authority of the Landed Estates Court is so paramount that, if in conveying the land of one man it inadvertently slips in a parcel belonging to a neighbour, this unfortunate neighbour loses his land for ever. The Court, therefore, wanted all kinds of maps and plans of the holding before it could pronounce what it was that the tenant ought to be allowed to buy under the Act. Mr. SCOTT leads us to suppose that all these difficulties, which killed the BRIGHT Clauses, were unknown or easily surmounted in Thuringia. Nor is it hard to see how, under a different system of land transfer from that to which we are accustomed, these difficulties might be very slight. With a good cadastral survey there is no uncertainty about parcels. With a good system of registration of deeds there is no doubt, or little doubt, as to who are interested in a reversion. It may perhaps be added that, in a little district like Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, every one knows pretty well what is meant by a fair price for an estate, just as in an English village every one knows within a sovereign what is the value of the butcher's pony. But, if Thuringia had these advantages, the very fact of its having them may suggest that, in a country which does not possess them, it may not practically be a very easy matter to create peasant proprietorship on anything like an extensive scale, however anxious the Legislature may be to create it.

#### EEPING FOREST.

THE danger which menaces Epping Forest turns out to be far more serious than it seemed when we called attention to it a week or two back. At that time the enemy had appeared in the persons of the Great Eastern Railway Company; but, between the Forest and its foes there was thought to be the Corporation of London, and the powers of the Corporation, always great, are in this particular matter very great indeed. The Corporation has done so much to save Epping Forest from the invasion that Parliament is little likely to disregard any remonstrances it may think fit to make when any further inroads are proposed. If the Corporation could be trusted to show the same activity now that it showed when the enclosure of the Forest was under discussion, there was really no need for alarm. It was better to take up the cause of the great Surrey commons, which have no defenders except such chance advocates as their own beauty have won for them.

Unhappily, it is by no means clear that the Corporation can be trusted to do anything of the kind. Indeed, we may go further, and say that, to all appearance, the Corporation has considered the matter, and sees nothing to object to in the proposed railway. Sir THOMAS NELSON has declared himself favourable to the scheme, and Sir THOMAS NELSON's position as the legal adviser of the Corporation makes his published opinion a very important element in the discussion. He would certainly not have written as he has done unless he held the question to be at least an open one; he would probably not have written as he has done unless he had held the good will of the Corporation to be virtually secured. There is no need for despair, because Parliament has yet to be consulted, and Parliament may show itself wiser than the Corporation. But there is every reason for setting to work without loss of time to enlighten the mind of Parliament as to the facts. To fight against a project which the Corporation of London supports, or at all events does not dislike, is a very different business from fighting against

a project which the Corporation of London is actively opposing. To whichever side it inclines, the Corporation will be a very powerful ally; and if Londoners can no longer count upon it as their friend in the matter of Epping Forest, they are bound in their own interest to regard it as the most formidable of possible enemies.

When the support enlisted on behalf of the proposed railway is so serious, it behoves those who oppose it to give the fullest consideration to the arguments alleged in its behalf. The main contention is that, in the absence of such a railway, the most beautiful parts of the Forest are inaccessible. High Beech, to which it is suggested that a railway should be carried, is two whole miles from the nearest railway-station, and the road to it lies up a hill. Such a distance as this is enough to keep High Beech secluded; and the philanthropic advocates of the railway—for, strange to say, it has its philanthropic advocates—maintain that seclusion is precisely the quality which Epping Forest ought not to possess. Mr. E. N. Buxton, who writes “as one of the guardians of the Forest, and in the interest of those who use it,” protests against the very idea of seclusion. What is wanted, he says, is “to bring the people where their eyes will be refreshed and their lives invigorated.” It unfortunately happens—this much Mr. Buxton concedes—that the eyes and lives in question can only be refreshed and invigorated in the immediate neighbourhood of a railway-station, and, we presume, of the public-houses which commonly spring up in that neighbourhood. Of the excursionists who start from London with the half-formed intention of getting to High Beech, “the immense majority remain on the outskirts of Loughton village.” The reason for this, according to Mr. Buxton, is that they are physically incapable of going farther. “Two miles’ walk up a steep hill does not sound much to a strong and healthy man, but our visitors are not all strong and healthy.” It is for the use of the feeble and ailing majority that the railway is intended, and so long as “the artisan, his tired wife, and smoke-nurtured children” are not brought into the very midst of the “choicest beauties” of the Forest, the Act of Parliament which declares that the Forest shall be kept for ever for the “recreation and enjoyment of the public” is not fully carried out. The fault of this reasoning is that it forgets that there are some pleasures which cannot be indefinitely extended without ceasing to be enjoyed. The controversy does not lie, as is often assumed, between their enjoyment by the few and their enjoyment by the many; if it did, we should be entirely on Mr. Buxton’s side. There could be no more worthy object than to bring the choicest beauties of the Forest within easy reach of every East-end excursionist, provided that it were possible so to bring them. But, as a matter of fact, it is not possible. They die by the very process which is designed to make them accessible. At present Epping Forest is a place of pleasant resort to two wholly different sorts of visitors. There is the artisan who goes there with a purpose, and the artisan who goes there for a day’s outing. In the present state of the Forest both these classes are amply provided for. The artisan who goes with a purpose finds that purpose attained as soon as he has left the train which brought him and the companions who filled it sufficiently far behind. He wants woodland scenery, or woodland stillness, or liberty to indulge his tastes as a collector of plants or insects; and in the recesses of the Forest, near as it is to London, he still finds these. The artisan who cares for none of these things, but is contented with a day’s outing, is equally happy on the outskirts of the Forest. He does not discriminate too curiously between one kind of scenery and another; woodland stillness is so irksome to him that he at once disperses it by inarticulate cries; and as to plants or insects, his conception of natural history does not go beyond pulling the one up by the roots and killing as many of the other as chance to come in his way. By bringing him within reach of those parts of the Forest where the other class of artisan is taking his pleasure, you do not raise him to any higher level. All that you do is to give him a fresh place in which to amuse himself after his accustomed manner. What is the effect of this kindness on the two sorts of persons whom it concerns? Upon the class which is newly introduced into this part of the Forest it has no effect at all. All that the change means to them is the addition of another stopping place where they may spend the day in loitering about the

immediate neighbourhood of the station at which they have been put down, breathing a purer air than that which they ordinarily breathe, and drinking their beer amidst rather brighter surroundings than those to which they are accustomed in London. If there were no stations near Epping Forest where these enjoyments could be had, it might be a question whether so large a district and one so near the most populous quarter of London ought to be thus withdrawn from public use. But the Forest has several stations which exactly answer the purpose, and the only result of extending a railway to High Beech would be to increase the list by one. This result, however, small as it is to the class that profits by it, is fatal to the class at whose expense it is effected. The opening up of the more secluded parts of the Forest to the artisans who do not at present frequent them will be ruinous to the enjoyment which the artisans who do frequent them now derive from their visit. The reasoning by which Mr. Buxton defends this disastrous project would find its parallel in a proposal to pull down the railings in Rotten Row, and allow any one who chooses to walk on the turf and the flower beds. If those who did so gained any pleasure which they cannot gain in other parts of the Park now, there might be something to be said for it. But the pleasure of walking on grass can be enjoyed elsewhere, whereas the pleasure that is derived from looking at smooth turf and bright flower beds is not to be had except where the turf and the flower beds are protected against the trampling of many feet. To remove the railings would be to destroy one kind of pleasure without increasing the other. It is just the same with Epping Forest. The minority of London artisans would be irreparably injured; the majority of London artisans would not be appreciably benefited.

Everywhere at present the spread of railway enterprise is threatening those rare instances of isolation and seclusion which yearly become more valuable in a thickly populated country. Dartmoor is not too far from London to be in danger, Epping Forest is not near enough to London to be safe. In the one case a railway is projected which can apparently have no other object than destroying a solitude which is in its way without a parallel in England. In the other case, the last shred of solitude which can now be found near the eastern side of London is to be sacrificed for an object more presentable indeed in intention and appearance, but not more rational in fact. There is yet time, however, for that general public which is powerful, if only it can be got to move, to oppose these mischievous schemes. But, if they wish to oppose them, there is no time to be lost.

#### FRENCH PROSPERITY.

FRANCE has good reason to dwell with satisfaction on the contrast between her position to-day and her position ten years ago. From the lowest depths of suffering and humiliation she has risen to a height of material prosperity greater than anything she had reached before the war with Germany. It is true the uses to which this prosperity is turned include the payment of enormous charges, which would never have been incurred if NAPOLEON III. had not allowed himself to be led into attacking Prussia. But the fact that a large part of the public income goes in paying the interest on the public debt does not make the creation of that income less wonderful. The huge burden of taxation which seemed likely to weigh like a millstone on the reviving industry of the nation has been scarcely felt. The wonderful thrift of every class, except the artisans, has been more than adequate to the demands made on it. The revenue has proved as elastic as though France were the most lightly-taxed country in Europe. In the year which has just ended, taxes to the amount of nearly five millions sterling have been remitted without any sign of an approaching deficit. The industries from which the State takes its toll are so many and so prosperous that the lighter the proportion demanded from each becomes, the larger is the aggregate contribution. Even the enmity of nature to French vines and French silkworms has not been fatal to the general result. If there had been no *Phylloxera* and no check to the production of silk, France would have been richer than she is; but, notwithstanding these misfortunes, she is rich beyond all parallel.

The Paris Correspondent of the *Times* assigns two



reasons for the extraordinary progress which France has made since the 1st of January, 1871. One of these reasons is already well known. Nearly every one in France saves money, and, as a consequence of this, nearly every one in France has an income apart from the income which he makes by his labour. In England men lay by for old age. They look forward to a time when they will wish to leave off work, and when their ability to do what they wish will be determined by their previous economies. The Frenchman seems to stand in no need of any such stimulus. If his maintenance in old age were assured three times over, he would still go on saving. The *Times*' Correspondent mentions an instance of this habit which is almost beyond belief, or rather would be so if it were anything more than an unusually striking example of a universal tendency. He knows, he says, a head servant in a private house in Paris who has saved enough to bring him in 700*l.* a year. As the period of saving was limited to twenty-five years, this implies an annual laying by of something like 200*l.* at 5 per cent. compound interest, which for an honest servant in a private house seems impossible. We are told, however, that in order to achieve his savings, whatever they were, he denied himself everything that he would have had to pay for out of his own pocket. With the tastes thus formed he might long ago have left service and lived on his income. Instead of this he has remained in service in order to go on saving. If he had lived on his income there would have been nothing more out of which to lay by. The great pleasure of his life would thus have disappeared. Instead of looking with continually growing enjoyment on his continually growing store, he would have seen the store remain the same, and have had only the satisfaction of living on the income of it. To a man with whom thrift has become second nature this would be pain rather than enjoyment. He would have been thinking as he spent each penny that if he had only remained in service there would have been no need to spend anything. Mr. HAMERTON has mentioned cases in which Frenchmen possessed of fair incomes from accumulated capital have gone on doing with perfect contentment work which was at once irksome and ill paid, because the money thus gained was so much more to be laid by. The process in France is a never-ending one. The more a Frenchman saves the more he feels that he may save. Parents save for their children, and children save for themselves till they become parents in their turn. "Every child's future is provided for at his cradle," for "the baby has hardly seen the daylight before the parents 'are already saving for him.' But the fact that his future is provided for does not make the child indifferent to his own future. He provides for himself as though he had had no parents to spare him the trouble. No doubt there is a bad side to all this. The intense devotion to small economies develops a type of character which, in the end, is not altogether favourable even to that national prosperity which, in the beginning, it does so much to promote. The absorption of the mind in the process of putting together money, which regards it as an end rather than as a means, does not leave much room for the qualities which make nations great. It may even tend to make the amount of money made in the country less than it would be if there were not so much money saved. The ship may be spoiled for want of a pennyworth of tar, whether the penny which ought to have gone in the purchase is squandered or hoarded. Nothing is more ungrateful to the economical man than the notion of risk, for risk means not only that there may be nothing more to add to the heap, but that something may have to be taken away from it. Yet without risk great commercial enterprises are impossible. If high interest means bad security, it is equally true that perfect security means investment in established undertakings, not in undertakings that have their fortunes to make.

It must be admitted, however, that as yet the French people seem to be in no danger of losing their taste for commercial ventures. The *Times*' Correspondent thinks that the national prosperity is in part due to what he calls the "democratization of credit." As every Frenchman has some money to invest, and few have very much, the universal desire is to get the largest return that is to be had. Consequently everybody is eager to know what new undertakings are in the field, that he may pick out those which seem most promising. The way he does this, according

to the *Times*' Correspondent, is to study the advertisements in the financial papers. There are a hundred journals in Paris appearing once or twice a week which devote themselves entirely to giving the investor the information he desires. If these financial journals were at all to be trusted in the matters with which they deal, the democratization of credit would be a very intelligible process. But apparently they are not in the least to be trusted. Many of them, it seems, "are sold at a price which would not cover the cost of publication," "their revenue consisting in the toll they levy on the 'investments of the country.'" In plain words, they are a medium not only for paid advertisements of new undertakings, but also for paid information about new undertakings. It is easy to believe that "with this immense 'publicity the diffusion of bonds is perfectly marvellous.'" But what becomes of the money invested in the bonds? Is the commercial morality of France so superior to that of England that new undertakings are, as a rule, sound, and that, though promoters are glad to buy the countenance of financial journals, they wish it simply on the score of publicity and not on the score of deception? This is not at all a likely supposition; yet it seems equally improbable that, if the French investor had been as much the victim of the promoter as the English investor, more would not have been heard of his wrongs. Nothing discourages saving like the loss of savings, and if this great multitude of small investors had been as unfortunate during the last five years as the corresponding class has been in England, it is hardly possible that France could have reached her present high level of material prosperity. The only other explanation that suggests itself is one about which it would be exceedingly interesting to have accurate information. Has it been found in France that thrift begets caution; that men who are accustomed to save money are proportionately unwilling to risk it; and that the French investor habitually brings to bear on the prospects held out to him an amount of inquiry and investigation quite unlike anything which is brought to bear on similar offers by Englishmen? If this is the case, it is a remarkable tribute to the educating influence of property and of thrift as tending to create property.

Unfortunately the effect of this immense development of the saving spirit on the national fortunes is not without its drawback. Even making money does not take hold of the whole man in the way that saving money takes hold of him, and the absorption of the French nation in this latter process is shown by their increasing tendency to pay no attention to politics.

The government of the country is not regarded as a concern in which every one has an interest. It is rather viewed as the business of professional politicians, who work it on the understanding that, if they mismanage matters very grossly and for a long space of time, they will be superseded, but that no notice will be taken of them so long as they stop short of these extreme blunders. Nothing gives more encouragement to political adventurers than the general diffusion of this theory. They profit by it in ordinary times, because, as the great body of their countrymen pay little or no attention to politics, the field is left clear for them. The men who are popular with the actual electorate are, for the most part, the men who push their principles to the most extreme conclusions. If the real electorate would come forward, it is quite possible that the judgment of the constituencies would be very greatly modified; but when only extreme men vote, only extreme candidates are likely to be returned. Even when the nation is at length moved to sudden action, and determines to make short work of the rulers whom it has allowed to misgovern, it, the political adventurer is still the man to whom it turns. Long want of interest in politics has prevented a great number of Frenchmen from knowing anything about public affairs, and they are consequently reduced to support the man who states his claims most boldly, and carries them most promptly into action. If the people could only be brought to see that in the long run they are as much concerned in the government of the country as they are in the rise or fall of their own particular investments, there would be more chance of the political prosperity of France keeping pace with her material prosperity.

## GEORGE ELIOT.

MRS. CROSS was so little known by the name which she had recently acquired that it is convenient to speak of her by her chosen literary designation as George Eliot. It happens, by an odd coincidence, that a great French writer had many years before assumed a similar disguise. There can be little doubt that one of George Eliot's motives in taking the name of a man was to puzzle readers and critics. The partial success of the experiment, though the mystery was soon removed, illustrated the peculiar character of her genius. No novel of Fielding, of Smollett, of Scott, of Dickens, or of Thackeray could possibly have been written by a woman. On the other side, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Brontë might at once be recognized from their writings as women. George Eliot's extraordinary gift of dramatic humour might have seemed to indicate a masculine impartiality or detachment from personal interests. Miss Austen reproduced with playful sympathy the manners and characters of her own social circle. George Eliot's most life-like creations are assigned to times and modes of life with which she could only have been familiar by hearsay and tradition, or perhaps by casual intercourse with a few survivors. She had certainly never heard the admirable conversation of the villagers in the bar-parlour as recorded in *Silas Marner*; but the oddities, the prejudices, the narrow and definite view of life, as it was known to the dwellers in that remote region, are more authentic than any shorthand writer's report. It was remarkable that while the writer in her own person studied and professed the most enlightened doctrines of modern philosophy, she cultivated by preference in her stories all homely and simple associations. A thorough and zealous democrat, she delighted in doing justice to the qualities which are connected with gentle birth and breeding. The scholar who had conferred on her countrymen the questionable benefit of translations of Strauss and Feuerbach appreciated with a kindly intelligence, beyond the reach of modern bigots, the easy-going rural clergy in the early part of the present century, and the first zealous propagandists of Evangelical doctrine.

Like many other great writers, George Eliot sometimes mistook the bent and range of her own genius; and her error was always encouraged by injudicious admirers. Her mastery of prose composition was not accompanied by the possession of any metrical gift; yet she wasted much time and energy in composing voluminous lucubrations which would scarcely have been recognized as verse but for the capital letters at the beginning of the lines. One of these compositions was a tedious narrative of the wholly uninteresting adventures of some antediluvian Tubal or Jubal; another was a didactic and dull romance about a heroic Spanish gipsy. It is as true now as it was in the days of Horace that verse which is not poetry is intolerable to gods and men, though publishers may have been inclined to accept any work which bore the name of George Eliot. Two of her most ambitious prose works deal with a subject-matter entirely remote from the provincial delineations of character on which her reputation was founded. *Romola* was written in the prime of her genius, and it is regarded by some critics as her greatest work. *Daniel Deronda* seemed to represent the decay of her powers, though its inferiority may be partly explained by a misconception of her true vocation. The soundness of her judgment in selecting a Florentine subject of the fifteenth century has been widely questioned. For the first time she was writing from books, and not from stores of memory unconsciously accumulated without any purpose of turning them to account. It was evident that she had worked through enormous masses of rubbish, for the purpose of acquiring a minute and accurate knowledge of the condition of Florence at the date which she had chosen. The ordinary reader resented a demand on his presumed familiarity with obscure passions and intrigues long since happily forgotten. George Eliot had acquired a knowledge to which her humble student could make no pretension; but both alike stood outside mediæval Italian life. With her principal historical character, the reforming monk Savonarola, George Eliot had an imperfect or artificial sympathy, because she shared none of his religious convictions. The most remarkable personage in the fiction is the graceful and contemptible Greco-Italian Tito; and some judges who are not to be despised consider that he is George Eliot's masterpiece. No more subtle analysis of human weakness and wickedness has ever been manufactured into a dramatic figure; but it is evident that the entire personage is the embodiment of an elaborate theory. It would be wholly impossible to resolve the Midland yeomen, the attorneys, and the apothecaries of her English novels into their component elements. They are human beings and not psychological symbols; and the difference between men or women and cleverly constructed models corresponds to the distinction between ingenuity and genius. The contrast is still more striking if the facetious barber of *Romola* is compared with such an example of mother wit as Mrs. Poyser. Her sayings are good, not only by intrinsic merit, but because they are characteristic of the person who says them. Only an enthusiastic and credulous votary of George Eliot could contrive to smile at the smartest remark of the Florentine Figaro. It must nevertheless be admitted that, if *Romola* was to be written, it could not have been written better, and it may be added that scepticism as to its supreme merit is qualified by deference to respectable authority.

Some ill-judging devotee once compiled a volume of wise apophthegms from George Eliot's novels. The enterprise of picking out the diamonds from the setting of a skilful artist in jewelry

was a pedantic blunder. The result would perhaps have been more disastrous if a similar attempt had been made to deface the compositions of any other writer of fiction; but the best of all George Eliot's grave or humorous remarks are appropriated to characters who are not mere representations of herself. It is true that she sometimes steps aside from her proper occupation to enounce general propositions on her own account; but in every instance of the kind she commits a fault in art. Thackeray was much more prone to the error of thrusting his actors aside that the manager might address the audience. Scott has been absurdly accused of triviality and commonplace because, with true dramatic instinct, he substitutes Wamba, or Andrew Fairservice, or Captain Dalgetty for himself as a commentator on surrounding circumstances. It was perhaps under the influence of honest but mistaken flatterers that George Eliot seems in her later career to have fancied that her business was to propagate theories, and not to draw living pictures of humanity.

In *Middlemarch*, the last work which bears traces of her earlier and better manner, she commits the gross absurdity of trying to recommend a special form of medical practice to the approval of the non-professional reader, who wholly declines to form any opinion on the subject. The young doctor, Mr. Lydgate, who seems at one time to have been destined to occupy the post of hero, holds and practises certain theories of medical treatment which are supposed to be original and sound. Probably George Eliot may have lived at the time in the society of persons deeply interested in medical questions; and perhaps she felt it her duty to propagate what she supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be useful and true. The story has other defects; and the error of introducing medical controversy into a work of art might have been passed over if her next and latest novel had not been rendered almost worthless by a similar error. *Daniel Deronda* is devoted to the whimsical object of glorifying real or imaginary Jewish aspirations. It cannot be doubted that so fantastic a form of enthusiasm was suggested by some personal predilection or association. A devotion to the Jewish cause, unaccompanied by any kind of interest in the Jewish religion, is not likely to command general sympathy; but, even if the purpose of the story had been as useful as it is chimerical and absurd, the inherent fault of didactic fiction would scarcely have been diminished. The impersonation of progressive Judaism, Daniel Deronda himself is as shadowy and unsubstantial as if he had been invented by any ordinary writer of novels. He is, as becomes a hero, rich and handsome, and he is in the early part of the story surrounded by conventional mystery. The disagreeable heroine not unreasonably prefers him to her husband, and a Jewish maiden is provided to share his aspirations for an Asian adventure as unprofitable as Tancred's. It is significant that when George Eliot deliberately preferred the function of teaching to her proper office of amusing, she sacrificed her power of instruction as well as her creative faculty. The collection of essays in the manner of the *Spectator* or *Rambler* which was her latest publication, though it is more legitimate in form, has little literary value. Theophrastus Such, who is supposed to describe the characters of his friends and acquaintances, has himself no substantive existence. The intellectual and moral peculiarities of an imaginary set of persons who appear to belong to no definite class in society can only interest those who happen to have the opportunity of observing the same eccentricities and defects. George Eliot succeeds better as an essayist than as a poet, but either employment was a waste of her rare and wonderful gifts.

She was perhaps the greatest female writer who has ever lived. It may be difficult for English readers fully to appreciate either the style of George Sand or her descriptions of a society with which he has not the familiarity of a native. Miss Austen was a more faultless artist than George Eliot, but she never sounded the same comic or tragic depths. By a kind of inspiration, aided by circumstances, George Eliot discerned the literary capabilities of a state of society which she has rescued from oblivion, though it probably was once exceptionally characteristic of England. Her most attractive, perhaps her favourite, specimens of old rural life are taken from the ranks of the clergy. In her *Scenes of Clerical Life* the poor and simple-minded Amos Barton, the thoughtful and gentle Mr. Gilfil, and the eager and zealous Mr. Tryon, all command from the reader the interest and sympathy to which, as it was felt by the author, they owe their existence. The earliest of her works of fiction has perhaps never been excelled, though *Adam Bede* is more popular than the stories by which it was preceded. It seems strange that the *Scenes of Clerical Life* should have been published less than five-and-twenty years ago, when the writer was approaching middle age. The propagandists among whom her lot was cast have something to answer for in having induced her to waste on the circulation of German heterodoxy the energies which might have been employed in the production of immortal works. In her best fictions there is no indication of a desire to escape from the limitations of ordinary thought and popular belief. Her clergy and her laity are equally untroubled with theological speculations or doubts. Silas Marner, once the poor and eventually excommunicated member of an obscure local sect, is content that the child which he has found shall be christened in church, because he is told that the unknown ceremony is usual and proper. *Adam Bede*, perhaps the best known of George Eliot's books, is justly famous for the wit and wisdom of Mrs. Poyser. It may be doubted whether any other personage of fiction, except Hamlet and Jacques, has contributed as much to proverbial tradition. It



is even doubtful whether some of her sayings were strictly original; for it seems that it must have been known before her time that "some cocks think that the sun gets up to hear them crow." The Prince Consort was, for some time after the publication of *Adam Bede*, in the habit of complaining to his farm bailiff that he "had to go to bed with twenty quarts of milk on his mind." The Sunday walk of Mr. and Mrs. Poyser with their children to church may be placed on a level with some of the most delightful passages in *Tristram Shandy*. The story of Hester with its melancholy complications is a blot on an admirable book. In speaking of anything composed by George Eliot it is a censure to say that it might have been written by another. The *Mill on the Floss* is a still more remarkable excavation of social remains. Mrs. Tulliver and her sisters convey the impression that their strange conventional opinions about bonnets and house linen and the distribution of money by will are sacred and inevitable convictions, though they are now heard of for the first time. In this, as in some other stories, George Eliot shows a blamable toleration of an underbred and worthless hero or lover. Maggie's favourite suitor is as worthless and vulgar as the foreign adventurer who in *Middlemarch* becomes the second husband of the stately Dorothea.

By the time of writing *Felix Holt* George Eliot had unfortunately begun to persuade herself that it was her duty to teach doctrines, instead of creating human beings. Assertions of equality and hints of communism destroy much of the pleasure which might be derived from the story. The determination of a cultivated artisan not to be a gentleman may be disinterested, but it is capricious and provoking. Perhaps the best of all the novels is *Silas Marner*, especially as the shortness of the story leaves no room for George Eliot's frequent shortcomings in the construction of a plot. The small squire and his reprobate brother, with all the surrounding society of equals and superiors, are at the same time real and interesting; and the gentler and melancholy weaver who gives his name to the tale is profoundly touching. The scene in which the lost child brings its golden hair into the spot of light which marked the place of Silas's lost treasure is one of the most perfect passages in fiction. As George Eliot accomplished so much, it is perhaps unreasonable to regret that only a portion of her life was allowed for the indulgence of her genius. Her youth was wasted on Strauss, and her later days were given to *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such*; but her divagations from the proper purpose of her life will be forgotten while *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner* are still ornaments of English literature.

#### A NEW IRISH PANACEA.

CONSIDERING all things, it may be said that for the last week affairs in Ireland have gone on swimmingly. Very few people have been murdered or wounded. A canon, a policeman or two, and so on, make up the insignificant list. Only three ladies have been shot at or threatened. Mr. Bence Jones continues to exist. "Boycotting," indeed, goes on merrily; but we have got accustomed to that, and have nearly educated ourselves up to Mr. Gladstone's sublime height of irritation at the troublesome people who object to the word and the thing. It is true that the Empress of Austria has changed her mind as to visiting Ireland; but that is positively reassuring, for it would have been very awkward if Her Majesty had been shot in mistake for somebody else, and a little inconvenient to the sensitiveness of old-fashioned people if her horse's bridle had been seized when she was out hunting, and she had been ordered by the *de facto* Government to go home. Above all, the ordinary law has actually succeeded in getting its great assize to come off at Dublin. The Castle is not in flames, nor has there been an Armageddon in the Phoenix. It is true that the wise shake their heads and assert that "a conviction is impossible," but that is prejudice. For months Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been, to use a vulgar phrase, bottling themselves up for this great effort. What did it matter if a few peers and policemen were murdered? Mr. Parnell was going to be tried. What did it matter if Captain Boycott was ruined? Mr. Dillon was going to experience the full terrors of the ordinary law—when they could be got ready. What did it matter if troublesome persons wrote to the Prime Minister for an expression of opinion, if nothing more? He referred them to the solemn ceremony soon to come off in the Four Courts. It has, we believe, been more or less confidentially stated by admirers of the Government that this calm attitude was "majestic," though we are not certain that "august" is not the precise adjective employed. At any rate, the moment has come, and during the progress of the trial there is nothing to do but to wait until the jury disagree. Meanwhile it is only fair and reasonable to employ the interval in considering what outsiders have to offer. The majestic proceeding may fail and the Government will have to think of something else. Hence all the various something-else's cannot be too carefully studied.

We have before us a document which is a little mysterious in its way. It purports to be for private circulation only, but, as it does not announce itself to come from anybody in particular, nor is there a single name or address mentioned in it, the crime of divulging its contents does not weigh very heavily on our conscience. It is a prospectus of "The Irish Land and Farming Company, Limited," and its capital is stated at ten millions; but the usual spaces for

directors, bankers, secretary, office address, &c., are, like the Bellman's chart, "a perfect and absolute blank." Even the printer has modestly withheld his name from the readers of this surprising document. Nevertheless, it bears the outward semblance of a genuine prospectus, and propounds its proposals in good set terms. "It is generally admitted," we are told, "that the land of Ireland is peculiarly adapted for rearing and feeding cattle, for breeding horses, and for dairy produce," and that good management and capital are all that is wanted to make Irish farms the most profitable in Europe. The statement is perhaps a little rounded off, but it may pass. The next is that bad harvests, &c., have brought matters to such a crisis that landed estates may be bought in Ireland ("especially in Mayo and Westmeath," says the prospectus writer, with an engaging innocence, as if Mayo and Westmeath were famous for nothing but bad harvests) at a price considerably below their value. The nonpayment of rents, he adds, with historic calmness, will cause many landowners to be willing to sell at a considerable sacrifice; the difficulty of these unfortunate persons the Company proposes to make its opportunity. They are to sell, and the Company is to buy, on the terms of one-third money down, and the rest on mortgage at four and a half per cent., so as to leave plenty of capital for working. Then the domains acquired are to be thrown into grazing farms or sheep runs of from 5,000 to 15,000 acres, and arable farms of from 1,500 to 2,000. The present small tenants, thinks our projector, here animated, it is to be feared, by the sanguine delusions of his class, will require small compensation for going out. Welsh labourers—"it is known that Welsh labour is cheap, and the men are industrious and sober"—colonial or Scotch managers, North-country machinists are to be imported. Then the projector has a return of cautiousness. The farmsteads are to be built in a hollow square; all the windows and doors, save one entrance gate, are to be inwards, and the surrounding wall is to be loopholed "in order to afford protection against attack in unquiet times." The homesteads are apparently not to be insured; indeed it is doubtful whether the Insurance Companies would like the investment. But night patrols of the sober and industrious Welshmen will serve against incendiarism. The remainder of the prospectus is confined to business details about slaughtering, embarkation, and so forth. Some of these show less appreciation of the actualities of the time than the remarks about loopholes and patrolling. But it cannot be expected that a preliminary prospectus should look to every detail; and the Steamboat Companies at Cork had not perhaps signalized themselves as they have done in Mr. Bence Jones's case when the idea of the Company first dawned in our projector's head. We should suggest, as an addition to the scheme, that the Company should acquire a harbour sufficiently near to its domains, fortify it, and run steamers with its own stock and produce at its own expense. It would be well, too, that these steamers should be well armed and stoutly built, inasmuch as the *de facto* Government of Ireland will doubtless soon issue letters of marque to render the operation of Boycotting more thorough and complete. Still, a good deal of thoughtfulness is shown for so short a document. The cattle are to be slaughtered on the spot, which clearly deprives the enemy of his chance of waylaying them on the route. The patrols, too, will doubtless give an eye to such as are left out at night in the fields, to prevent the operations of the Land League Sub-Committee for the Propagation of Cruelty to Animals. Perhaps the only serious miscalculation of the economic kind is the mention of cheapness as likely to result from the importation of Welsh labourers. Occupations which involve considerable chance of a short life are usually highly paid; and it is to be feared that the Welsh labourers, what with working, patrolling, and being shot at—in short, what with doubling the parts of shepherd and soldier—will want to double the pay too. This, however, is only a detail. The scheme would undoubtedly add to the wealth of the United Kingdom, it is financially feasible, and the overladen breast of the politician cannot help emitting a huge sigh at the thought of the relief it would be from his special point of view. Fancy waits us to such an Ireland as this Ireland would be after a few years of scrimmaging and lively practice from the loopholes (which should certainly be armed with a cruel four-pounder or two). That Ireland would be peaceful, profitable, contented, with flocks and herds dotting the emerald plains unhounded, in possession of their tails, and with no sticks studded with nails in their insides. In that Ireland Mr. Biggar would perforce cease to trouble and Mr. Parnell's occupation would be gone. In short, it would be an Ireland which would have all the advantages of that frequently suggested one under the sea, with a good mapy more beside; a help to England instead of a thorn in her side; a credit to civilization instead of a disgrace to it; a beauty spot instead of a sore on the face of the earth. "Sweet, sweet vision! Foolish, foolish dream!" in the words of an author, who, by the way, knew a good deal about Ireland, though these words of his were used in another context.

Like all such visions our vision quickly fades. It cannot be said that the projector has forgotten any economical law or that he has proposed anything which would not be for the interest—well understood—of every one concerned, Englishmen and Irishmen, landlords and tenants. His plan is merely a recognition of what Ireland is fit for, and a practical attempt to adjust the state of Ireland to that fitness. It is a fantastic and grandiose acknowledgment of the laws of nature. That Ireland is best suited for stock-rearing of all sorts, and that stock-rearing of all sorts is best conducted on a large scale, are both certain facts. That small

holdings must mean poverty and wretchedness, unless thrift is the one thought of the holder, and that thrift and Irishmen are two contradictory terms, are facts as certain. But our projector counts without the English Radical party and the Radical majority—actual, if not numerical—in the English Cabinet. He forgets—poor man!—that what is sauce for the English and Scotch goose is not sauce for the Irish gander. Here is Mr. Chamberlain talking pathetically about countervailing duties. He sympathizes with the Bristol sugar-maker; he drops a tear over the Coventry maker of ribbons and watches; he alludes gracefully to the great Protectionist struggle of thirty years ago; he makes a modest reference to his own sufferings at the hands, or points, of intrusive Belgian screws. But, with a nobility quite charming to witness, he points out that it cannot be helped. The weakest must go to the wall, the people who are driven out of one trade must take up another. Exactly so; but how is it, we may ask, that this universal law is to stop short at St. George's Channel? Why is the Irishman to be protected against the result of Free-trade, against the laws of supply and demand, against anything and everything? The amiable creature's luke-warmest friends are just now declaring that nothing will do but the three F's. Well and good. But when an inconvenient person like Sir Robert Anstruther turns up and shows that fixity of tenure means that the best man is not to have the tools he can best use; that fair rents mean arbitrary interference with supply and demand; that free sale means the diversion of the capital necessary for cultivation—what is to be said then? All these things we can imagine our melancholy projector urging on the President of the Board of Trade. There can be no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain would dismiss him with a superior smile. They have altered all that, he and his friends. As Lord Carnarvon has just pointed out, they have pity for murderers and none for victims; precious balms, with not the least tendency to break the weakest head, for the Land Leaguer; and precious balms that come down like millstones on the pate of the landowner. As it is with their ethics, so with their economics. Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain no doubt conduct their own private business on exactly the same principles as those on which this projector wants to conduct the business of his Company. They certainly profess a wish that the business of landowning should be conducted on the same principles, that all feudal nonsense as to the relations of landlord and tenant should be done away with. But when the thing is carried out—why, then, there is a strange alteration of tone. It becomes the first duty of Government to protect one class, and to give it privileges of a far more arbitrary kind than any feudal system ever devised. So that we fear our projector will hardly get a hearing for his scheme just at present, and that his shares are some way from being quoted on the Stock Exchange. And yet when we think of his ideal Ireland—an Ireland bludgeonless, revolverless, void of perjured jurymen and threatening-letter-writing shebeen-haunters—it is hard not to drop a tear.

#### MONACO AND ANDORRA.

TWO of the smallest States in Europe are in a state of revolutionary excitement. Monaco is convulsed by the fear of losing, and Andorra by the hope of gaining, a public gambling-house. The case of Monaco is sufficiently well understood. Honoré, fifth prince of this dominion, made himself unpopular with his subjects, and his corn laws reduced them to the verge of starvation. The son suffered for the father's fault, and, by a majestic exercise of the popular will, Rocca-bruna and Mentone shook off the yoke of the Grimaldis in 1848. Since that date Mentone has grown wonderfully, and now consists of several dozen hotels, a few villas, and the old town, with its narrow dirty streets climbing up towards the Berceau. But Rocca-bruna is still a hamlet, peopled, apparently, chiefly by small boys and girls, who ask tourists for sous, and by a leprous woman who haunts the height between Monaco and Mentone. Thus it is difficult for the historical imagination, even when aided by all the works recommended by Mr. Frederic Harrison, to reconstruct the scene of revolutionary frenzy. There must have been something idyllic in it, like a *crêpuscule* in some petty Sicilian city of old times, for the fishers and shepherds of the Riviera are still very picturesque. Mild as the movement may have been, it shook the throne of Prince Florestan. Mentone and Rocca-bruna remained independent till the French annexed Nice. At that date the Prince of Monaco received some compensation for disturbance, and was allowed to give M. Blanc a concession for a gambling-house. One important result was the recent alliance between a princess of the house of Blanc and a prince of the house of Bonaparte. But there have been other results scarcely less important.

No one who knew Monaco and the neighbouring little peninsula of Monte Carlo ten years ago can recognize them now with pleasure. Ten years ago Monte Carlo, where the gambling establishment is, was shunned by the wealthy and respectable. The Hôtel de Paris offered accommodation of a kind sumptuous in both senses of the word to the gambler. The hotel sheltered many a wandering guest, who left his little all in the treasury of M. Blanc, or, perhaps, had the wisdom to carry away a few thousand francs of winnings. All but punters avoided the siren shore and listened to the Virgilian warning, *fuge litus ævarum*. Now things are altered. The establishment has become so

wealthy that it is comparatively respectable. The gardens and flowery terraces, and lists for them that shoot doves, have greatly increased in number and beauty. Villas spring up on every side. Even five years ago there were deep shady olive groves, and plots covered with grey anemones, within a hundred yards of the Casino. Nowhere did the wild flowers blossom so abundantly as on the lower slopes of the hill beneath Turbia, where the sun brings out the strong scent of pine and thyme, and the bees go murmuring about their toils in February mornings. But the wealth and enterprise of Mme. Blanc is changing all that. The pretty old lanes run now between stuccoed walls. The olive plots where the anemones blossomed are covered with villas. Only to the westwards there is still an open space, where a brook falls down from a height, as in the Theocritean epigram, through the laurels and pines, and beneath the fragrant flowers of the early blossoming May. Even that brook will soon be a sewer, and the whole tiny principality will become what is beautifully called a "residential district." The sea and the grey bluff of the Tête du Chien will remain alone unaltered.

It is unnecessary to say that the popular trouble in Monaco is not caused by fury at the Vandalism of the "Administration." The tourists, the gamblers, the Monagasque public prefer the trim parterres by the Casino to the old free expanse of olive-yards and flowers. But the people are afraid of losing that by which their country is nourished—the Casino, with its "distractions." The respectable visitors to Cannes and Mentone and Nice, and the respectable inhabitants of these watering-places, and of all the towns as far as Genoa and Marseilles, look with ill-will on Monte Carlo. They are preparing, or perhaps have prepared, a petition to the French Chambers asking that the concession for the Casino may be taken away, or, at all events, not renewed. There are good reasons for the protest. The Casino demoralizes all the clerks and young fellows of spirit on the Riviera. They cease to be content with *baccarat* at their *cercles*. They put money, sometimes their employers' money, in their pockets, and they hasten to challenge the bank at Monte Carlo. Of course they lose, and very often they blow their brains out. Moreover, the attractions of the bank bring a crowd of cosmopolitan roughs to the beautiful shore where a few invalids and many robust visitors flirt, play tennis, and make excursions. This is what the English visitors who do not play dislike so much. A worse-looking, a dirtier set of copper captains, and women more tawdry, than they who steal their neighbours' stakes at Monte Carlo are nowhere to be studied by the philosopher. Where do the dirty men get the money they punt with? These grimy visitors disgust the evangelical clergymen and squires' ladies, who are very glad to listen to the music and read the newspapers provided by the Administration. If Monte Carlo were not a licensed hell, the ruffianly men and unspeakable women would not gather in that paradise. Once more, the tables corrupt the invalids and the invalids' able-bodied friends. These people first view the sport with aversion, then with curiosity, then they risk five francs, and after that they become confirmed punters. When they win, they boast that they have been "robbing the widow." They dream of martingales and devise systems. They bet on the number of their rooms in their hotels. The banker at Mentone is amused when they come every day to cash circular notes. They are bad gamblers, these amateurs, ill-tempered and reckless in adversity, cowardly when the luck is favourable.

It is miserable to see the flushed, hectic faces of the invalids, to observe pretty English girls sobbing with excitement at roulette, and fairly breaking down and crying at the railway station as they wait for the train which is to carry them back penniless to Nice or Mentone. The fact is that roulette, though a most fascinating amusement, is too good for a race with only partially developed self-control. The Wise Man of the Stoics, and people who approach him in calmness, could play roulette and enjoy themselves tranquilly enough. If a man knows how much he can afford to lose, and is sure he can stop there, why should he not pay what he can afford for his entertainment? The chances and combinations are so numerous, the prizes so rich and so certain to be paid when won, that roulette affords delights not dissimilar to those derived from a blending of commercial speculation with the higher mathematics. The best thing to do, we think, is to back the number which turned up last, one of the twelves and one of the columns. Numbers very often recur twice running, and when they do, thirty-five times his stake rewards the judicious investment. Even if the number fail you, and the twelve also, if you are right on the column, you are no loser, and are ready to start again. Zero, of course, is annoying, but all sport has its drawbacks. However, as men and women are not philosophers, and cannot enjoy themselves temperately, we fear it must be admitted that Monte Carlo is rather a curse to France and to the neighbourhood. It demoralizes almost every one, and it brings bad company into a nook admirably fitted by nature to be a successful watering-place.

To withdraw the concession, however, is no easy matter. There is the Prince of Monaco and there are France and Italy to be reckoned with. If France interferes, the Prince will throw himself into the arms of Italy. If Italy shows moral designs, the Prince will court the alliance of France. On this bit of coast the two Powers are very jealous of each other, and last winter French engineers were strongly fortifying the heights which command the harbour and the Corniche road. Relying perhaps on these political facts, and on the natural gamblesomeness of the French, Mme. Blanc is building a new wing, and is adding to her tables, and to the number of them that serve tables, the polite and intelligent croupiers. We fear that,



in spite of all protests, Monte Carlo has still a long lease of life. It is certain, we think, that Monaco and the neighbourhood would be prosperous without the tables. Many of the citizens probably recognize this truth. But when the little Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees, is convulsed with the hope of gaining a concession for a Casino, it is not likely that Monaco hears with pleasure the remonstrances of respectable visitors.

The case of Andorra, as described by a writer in the *Daily News*, is not unlike that of Monaco. Andorra has a shadowy independence as old as Charlemagne. She is secluded, not to say isolated; she is homely, and she should be happy. But a Company intends to make a railway to the place, and to allure passengers by setting up gambling-rooms. The foolish people, foreseeing an influx of wealth, approve of this proposal. They forget that, while princes, as Mr. Bright knows, are a bad lot, republics are Virtue's chosen home. The people of Andorra are as eager for a hell as the Prince of Monaco. This must be very painful to Mr. Bright; for, if there is an old Republic in the world, and one remote from the horrid influences of Courts, it is Andorra. The *viguers*, a kind of official representatives of Spain (monarchic Spain) and of France, are vainly trying to moderate the democratic avarice of Andorra. The Republic, like the Principality on the Riviera, lies between two great and jealous Powers. We must hope that France and Spain will compel Andorra to be virtuous.

#### DEAN STANLEY ON SUBSCRIPTION.

DEAN STANLEY has contributed to the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine* a curiously characteristic paper on "Subscription" to doctrinal formularies, which he tells us at the outset "is always misleading and always futile," though at the end he declines to decide absolutely whether that remnant of subscription which is still left in the Church of England is worth keeping or not. The real object of his paper is apparently twofold, firstly to prove that in the famous contest about Tract XC. some forty years ago, the "Liberal section of the Church," which is explained to mean the party now called "Broad Church," were on the side of toleration, not of exclusion, and that Cardinal Newman is quite mistaken in saying that the Liberals drove him from Oxford; secondly to insist that the proper and normal state of the Church is to have no creeds or articles of faith, and that this was her actual condition for the first fifteen centuries. It is difficult to say which paradox is the most unhistorical, though the writer's ingenious method of stating, or misstating, his case gives a certain *prima facie* semblance of plausibility to his tale. It may not perhaps be deemed wholly irrelevant to inquire in passing how far this retrospective zeal of modern Liberals for building the sepulchres of the Tractarian prophets, who were persecuted in 1845, is illustrated by their attitude towards the sons of the prophets who are imprisoned for convictions, mistaken it may be but certainly no less conscientious, in 1880. It is a cheap generosity which restricts itself to martyrs who have become historical. The Dean begins his story by reproducing in his own fashion—which, to say the least, is neither appreciative nor exhaustive—the argument of Tract XC., and then adds, what is true enough, that its appearance provoked a sharp and bitter controversy, and that many of Mr. Newman's old followers fell away from their allegiance to him in consequence. Then comes a guarded, and very inadequate admission that "some of those who had on other grounds advocated the relaxation of the enormous burden of subscription," were equally unwilling to allow any such toleration of the popularly received sense of subscription as the Tract claimed, not as matter of favour but of justice. And thus we are brought to the somewhat enigmatic statement that "the respect due to the personal character and lofty genius of Cardinal Newman withheld the early opponents of Tract XC. from pursuing their victory beyond the point of a censure pronounced by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford." The meaning is obscure, but in the first place we suspect that Dean Stanley is looking at the Oxford of 1841 through the spectacles of the Oxford Liberals who welcomed Cardinal Newman back to his University in 1880. Of respect for "the personal character and lofty genius" of the author of Tract XC., whatever may have been "due," very little was felt at Oxford in 1841, except among his immediate friends and disciples. In the next place why should his opponents at the time have "pursued their victory" further? They had got all they wanted; they had driven him from Oxford, made him "give up his place in the movement," as he himself expresses it, and procured the condemnation and discontinuance of the Tracts. Dr. Newman's own account, in the *Apologia*, of what occurred at that period, and who were the leading agents in it, is both more precise and more accurate than Dean Stanley's. "It is surely," he says, "a matter of historical fact that I left Oxford upon the University proceedings of 1841; and in those proceedings, whether we look to the Heads of Houses or the resident Masters, the leaders, if intellect and influence make men such, were members of the Liberal party. Those who did not lead, concurred or acquiesced in them—I may say, felt a satisfaction. I do not recollect any Liberal who was on my side on that occasion. Excepting the Liberal, no other party, as a party, acted against me." Dr. Newman might have added in illustration of this statement what Dean Stanley is careful to omit, that the two most conspicuous names among "the four Tutors," whose public protest against Tract XC. led to all the subsequent pro-

ceedings, were those of Mr. Tait of Balliol, now Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Wilson of St. John's, afterwards better known as one of the seven Essayists and Reviewers, both of whom notoriously belonged to the Liberal or Broad Church party.

So much for what occurred in 1841. But when the contest was renewed in 1845, after the publication of Ward's *Idea*, the Liberals, according to the Dean, came generously to the rescue, as the champions of toleration for an unpopular school. Dr. Newman has again explained what actually occurred. To himself personally it mattered nothing, for he had retired four years before from the contest, and was on the eve of secession. But if some who were prominent among his assailants in 1841 acted then more consistently with their professed principles of toleration, it was probably, as he says, from a growing sense of the danger of driving a number of his followers to Rome that they helped to shelter from the zeal of the Hebdomadal Board, not them only, but all parties in the Church, Tractarians, Evangelicals, and Liberals, on the obvious ground too rigid a construction of the Anglican formularies would on some point or other prove a difficulty to all alike. So much as this indeed may be gathered, without much reading between the lines, from the Dean's own account of the matter in the following ingenious paragraph, which contains the sole allusion—a very faint and inadequate one—to the prominent part taken by Mr. Tait in the proceedings of 1841.

One who has since been raised to the highest post of the English Church, and who has united in that position the liberality and firmness of mind which he showed on this occasion, generously put aside his former objections to the celebrated tract, and issued a powerful and convincing protest against extending the censure to Tract XC any further than the immediate purpose of pronouncing the position untenable, and against drawing from the natural antipathy to its circumlocutions a legal and ecclesiastical instrument for abridging the liberties of the whole Church.

That is to say, having secured in 1841 "the immediate purpose" of getting Tractarian principles with which they had no sympathy condemned and their leading apologist silenced, Broad Churchmen took fright in 1845 at the threatened imposition of a rigid test, which might have proved equally fatal to their own principles, and not unnaturally exerted all their energies to avert it. The proposed censure of Tract XC. by the Oxford Convocation at the same time was not averted by any co-operation of theirs but, as even Dean Stanley is constrained to admit, by "the courageous and magnanimous conduct of the two proctors," who put their constitutional veto upon it. He does not add that both proctors were high churchmen, the survivor of them, the Dean of St. Paul's, being also an intimate friend of Mr. Newman's. It may thus be quite true that the great Tractarian leader was driven to Rome, not by any external force, but by his own religious convictions, but it is none the less true that "the Liberals were the men who drove him"—not, as Dean Stanley misquotes his words, "from the Anglican Church," but "from Oxford," and that "it was they who had opened the attack on Tract XC., and who would gain a second benefit"—as in fact they did—"if he went on to retire from the Anglican Church." The Dean is more accurate in the closing chapter of what he calls his "history" of Tract XC. It was certainly republished by Dr. Pusey twenty years later, without any word of protest from Bishops, Heads of Houses, or popular journalists, and with the cordial welcome of the leading High Church periodical of the day, the *Christian Remembrancer*. But we fail to perceive that the history, either in its correct or its Stanleyan version, proves much, one way or the other, as to the expediency of subscription to the 39 Articles, while as to the general question of subscription to formularies of faith it certainly proves nothing at all.

But the real drift of the Dean's lucubrations on this latter point is manifest enough, though, as usual with him, he implies more than he actually says, and assumes principles which he shrinks from directly avowing, perhaps even to himself. In the learned and thoughtful preface to his Commentary on the 39 Articles the late Bishop Forbes of Brechin—who neither professes nor could be suspected of any overweening fondness for a formulary so Protestant in its tone—expresses his belief that subscription to some such quasi-dogmatic test is necessary under existing circumstances, and adds that he "should have more sympathy with those who are now clamouring for a change, if he did not think that in attacking the Articles, they were attacking the general dogmatic character of Christian confessions." That, if we do not entirely misread it, is precisely the aim of the Dean's paper. Thus e.g. he quotes, in order to reprobate it, the opinion "of one whom we all honour and respect for his character and abilities," without however naming him. The reference is to a paper read by the Bishop of Durham—certainly no extreme high churchman or dogmatist—at the Leicester Church Congress of last year. Bishop Lightfoot, while fully recognizing the existence of "three schools of thought" in the Church, had been insisting on "adherence to the fundamental principles of the Catholic creed and loyalty to the Church" as a necessary qualification for its ministers, and he then proceeds as follows. We give the passage as it stands in the authorized report, bracketing such portions of it as are omitted in Dean Stanley's extract:—

[Pleading as I do to-day for toleration, and even large toleration, I am bound to emphasize this demand as a *fundamental qualification*. At this time more especially the obligation is the stronger, because some seem to think that a Church can do very well without a creed, or at least without a creed to which its ministers are required to subscribe. Though I have the deepest sympathy with the motives and aspirations of some who hold this view, though I hold it a privilege to reckon them among my personal friends, I have not, and never had, any sympathy with the

view itself. I do not understand a Church without a creed.] I do not understand a clergyman standing up to teach in a church without first asking himself definitely what he is going to teach. I can see no other prospect before such a Church but vagueness, irresolution, inanity, [confusion,] decay. The motive power is gone. The bond of cohesion is snapped. [Dissolution—rapid dissolution—is the inevitable consequence. So far as I have read history, no body ever has held together for long under such conditions as this.]

We should almost have thought, but for Dean Stanley's denial that the statement was so manifestly true as scarcely to escape being a truism. He tells us however, not only that the Bishop's description exactly depicts the condition of the Church of England since 1865—when the terms of subscription were altered—but also "applies equally to the whole Latin Church down to the publication of the decrees of Pope Pius IV., and applies especially to the Church of the first three centuries." There is just that kind of half truth in this statement which is so essentially misleading. A certain change did take place at the Reformation, because, as Bishop Forbes explains it, when the separated portions of Christendom could no longer impose their distinctive teachings as the voice of the Holy Spirit, and therefore binding on the conscience, it became "necessary to call in the element of individual good faith to maintain the position." And hence not only did the various Protestant bodies put forth their Confessions, but even the Roman Church found it necessary to exact of her ministers a subscription to the Creed of Pius IV. But there was nothing in this procedure out of harmony with ancient precedent. Neither the early nor the mediæval Church had been able to "do without a Creed," which was held obligatory on all who ministered or worshipped at her altars. The seeming exception only proves the rule. For the first century or two, while the tradition of apostolic teaching still lived on in the Church, and before the assaults of heresy had been widely felt, no need had arisen for anything beyond some such elementary formula as was supplied in the short baptismal creed. But as the Church increased and controversies multiplied, it was found indispensable to frame and impose longer and more distinctive symbols, "as a guide of the believer and the teacher" alike, to quote Canon Swainson's words in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, and the very names by which these creeds were known—*κἀνὼν*, *ἡ πίστις*, *σὺμβολὴν*, *tessera*, *regula fidei*, indicate unmistakably that they were used as doctrinal tests. There may not have been a general subscription required of the clergy, but as each successive heresy was condemned by successive Councils, the Bishops were required to sign the new test framed for the purpose, and not only so, but it soon became an established custom for the bishops to repeat the creeds of former Councils at an early session of every subsequent one. Whoever was known to contravene these creeds incurred excommunication. In the middle ages tests on matters lying beyond the range of the creeds and dogmas of the Church were often imposed at particular times and places, and thus *e.g.* the graduates of some Spanish Universities were required to profess their adhesion to the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception. But there is no need to dwell on such details. It is enough for our purpose to point out that Bishop Lightfoot's hypothetical description of a Church without a creed, and a clergy not bound to teach anything in particular is as unlike as possible to a description of either the early or the mediæval Church. The Bishop may well indeed declare that so far as he knows history, no Church has ever held together for long under such conditions. Of course it is another question how far the particular form of subscription retained in the Church of England is a good one, but when Dean Stanley observes that "this depends simply on whether it keeps out a single member of the Church of England from entering the ministry," one can hardly help being reminded of one professing "member of the Church of England," who is excluded from the ministry by this very test, and who only the other day announced that he was "a Nonconformist against his will," and "retained his orders," though he at the same time pointedly disclaimed the name of "Christian." We mean of course Mr. Voysey, who, if there was no subscription, would be ministering in the Church of England at this moment. Dean Stanley would probably be prepared to accept this alternative, if we may judge from his estimate of the proper "largeness" of a national Church:—

No member of the Society of Friends would be permitted to preach the necessity of sacraments. No Unitarian minister would be permitted to read the Athanasian Creed. No Congregational minister would be permitted to affirm the necessity of an Established Church or of the Episcopal succession. It is only in the National Church that such variations and their opposites could be permitted. The largeness of the Church involves the largest of sufferance.

For, if not only the necessity of sacraments and episcopal succession, but the doctrines of the Athanasian Creed or "their opposites" may be fairly taught, then that very "adherence to the fundamental principles of the Catholic creed," which Bishop Lightfoot thinks an indispensable qualification for the ministry must be abandoned.

We are not now discussing whether such a state of things is desirable or not, but it would clearly go far towards changing "an established Church into an established chaos," as somebody has happily expressed it. And we must at least protest in the name of history and common sense against the portentous paradox that such a Church would bear the faintest resemblance to, still less be "exactly like," the Latin Church of the middle ages, and "especially the Church of the first three centuries. As to the growing deficiency of able and enlightened University men for the

service of the Church, of which Dean Stanley complains, many explanations might be alleged, one of the most obvious being the multiplication of similar careers open to educated young men. But, so far as the difficulty is a religious one, we more than doubt the greater attraction of a creedless Church. At all events the Dean's reference to Oxford and Cambridge is singularly infelicitous for his argument. He tells us that at the latter University Bishop Lightfoot's "great and salutary influence" has procured an adequate supply of gifted and faithful pastors. But if these pastors have been attracted by Bishop Lightfoot's influence, they must, on his own showing, have taken their stand on the very principle which the Dean so emphatically condemns.

#### THE DUMAS STATUE.

THAT portion of the French public which is comparatively indifferent to fortnightly Ministerial crises, and to dark stories of dinner parties, at which the guests recall the Groves of Blarney by the singular promiscuity of their selection, has been much exercised of late by the proposal to erect a statue to Alexandre Dumas—the father, not the son. The names of the statue-committee include most of the principal Frenchmen of letters on the lighter side. The opposition is numerous, but motley; and its main body consists, if we mistake not, of M. Zola and the Zolaïtes. To do justice to the notorious master of advertising and "experimental" novels—by the way, the bones of the Clapham sect must stir in their graves at this latest use of one of their favourite words—he is quite consistent, and even logical, in his opposition. To M. Zola there is no literature save his own, and, in a fragmentary way, such literature as he has condescended to learn from. The critic who impartially attacks Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier may very fairly add Alexandre Dumas to the list. We believe, however, that M. Zola is good enough to recognize the fact that Dumas has some claims to a statue, if only because he produced M. Alexandre Dumas fils. But it seems dreadful to him that the statue should be erected while Stendhal, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and M. de Goncourt are still statueless men. The literary merits of some of these persons we do not feel in the least inclined to contest. But it is an odd instance of the complete want of mental perspective which may be charitably taken to be at the bottom of most of the follies of the experimentalists that such an argument as that to which we have referred should be used. The qualifications which entitle a man to this particular honour must necessarily include wide popularity, or at least the right to wide popularity. Otherwise the statue is meaningless. It is not wanted by a small circle of devotees; it is a hieroglyph merely to the world at large. We are not quite certain that we should see the appropriateness of a statue to Keats, or to Charles Lamb, or to Blake, perhaps even to Shelley. All these authors will always give intense pleasure to a comparatively small number of persons disposed by nature and education to approve them; but the world at large, though it may obediently accept the estimate of their merit, will not feel it. Of the French authors mentioned just now—at least of those of them who have real merit—this is much truer. All of them were men who produced relatively or positively little work of merit, and the merit of what they did produce appealed to the few. These are exactly the conditions under which, we repeat it, a man should not have a statue.

Exactly opposite is the case with the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*—a phrase which we beg to leave to use intentionally and emphatically as equivalent to Alexandre Dumas. We doubt very much whether any man save Sir Walter Scott ever gave in the course of half a century so much of the pleasure which literature is capable of giving to so large a number of persons. It may not have been a very exquisite or refined pleasure; but then—in these days of democracy it is probably treason to hint it—it may be doubted whether the majority of mankind are capable of very exquisite and refined pleasure. But Dumas did more than this. He has given a vast amount of pleasure, too, to people who are very capable of receiving the exquisite and refined kind. He has, it is true, had probably more injustice done him than any contemporary author; but, if the doers of that injustice be examined, they will be found to be curiously uniform in character. The best judges like Dumas heartily; the general mass, who do not pretend to be judges at all, like him as heartily. It is the people who have just a smattering of criticism, the Wiggles and the Wagglers who disdainfully ask for "the old dry wine one used to get," who turn up their noses at Alexander the Great. The truth is that his art is a very artfully concealed art, and it is not very easy to get at its secret. If you will be content to be simply amused without bothering yourself about the sources of your amusement, Dumas is your man. If you are sufficiently expert in tracing these sources, he is your man too. But a few cut and dried rules of criticism and an obedient admiration of the authors most in fashion at this time or that will not enable you to find him out.

After all, it may be said, what is the object of worrying oneself about the *δύρα*, when the *ἔρι* is so remarkably sure and certain? Set any man who has a genuine relish for novels, and who is not a prig or a milkop, down to one of Dumas's better novels, and ask him at the end of the day whether the author shall have a statue or not. This, after all, is the soundest test in such a case. For the eternal controversy



about moral purposes and the dignity of literature, and all the other stock old problems, hardly touches novels at all. The novel gives itself out frankly as something that is meant to please, to amuse, to pass the time agreeably. It was this very frankness and absence of pretension which long caused it to be frowned upon in serious circles. Poetry gave herself airs of inspiration and divine afflatus; drama talked about holding the mirror up to nature, and reforming the manners of men; but the novel was quite shameless in presenting herself as an agreeable companion only. It is true that of late years a certain sophistication has crept in; but still the main purpose, if it has sometimes been associated with others, has never been formally repudiated. Now, Dumas recognized this main purpose, and, what is more, accomplished it more fully and frankly perhaps than any other novelist of mark that could be mentioned. Short of an outrageous bilious headache or a complete ignorance of French, it is difficult to imagine any circumstance of ordinary life in which the Bastion of St. Gervais, the capture and boxing up of Monk; the last scene at Locmaria; the escapes of La Mole from the daggers of the St. Bartholomew butchers and the cord of the Valois Princes; half a hundred other scenes, which will present themselves at once to the memory of every Alexandrian, will not beguile and distract. Nor is the extraordinary abundance of the pastime provided to be left out of sight. An ordinary novelist gives us half a dozen volumes or half a score, or in some rare cases half a hundred; Dumas gives us half a thousand, or thereabouts. The suggestion that no pedestal will be wanted for the statue, but a pile of the works, is not a particularly sprightly joke, but as a proposition in arithmetic and mensuration it is a tolerably sober statement of fact; and this brings us to a weary old piece of spiteful cavil, the objection that all this enormous mass is not the work of its professed author. Let us take the bull by the horns, and say "Of course it isn't." Every laborious person—at least, so they say—who chooses to calculate the utmost possible amount producible in a certain time by a laborious writer may convince himself that Alexandre Dumas did not in one year write "copy" enough to bring him in forty thousand pounds at the tolerably moderate rate at which such work is paid in France. Every critic who knows his business can see that there are pieces, and very large pieces, which are not the work of the hand which did the rest, nor even of the same hand, as far as they themselves go. What does it matter? That what is good in Dumas is his own is obvious from the simple fact that it is quite individual, always recognizable, and not in the least like the independent work of those persons who are said to have assisted him—of whom, by the way, the most distinguished is on this very statue Committee. Now, if Dumas has a statue, that statue will assuredly be put up to him for his good work and not for his bad. That is to say, he will have it for his own work and not for other people's, which is all that the sternest moralist is at this time of day entitled to demand.

How good that work is nobody who knows it requires to be told, and no one who does not know it can be made to understand. There is something about Dumas as a novelist which reminds one of the famous definition of the philosopher, "second best in everything." He is not a great artist in words, and yet his descriptions and the like are always up to their mark; he is not a cunning analytic character-drawer, and yet his readers always feel that men and women, and not lay figures, are occupying their attention. He is frequently outrageous in his contempt of regular plot, yet the interest of all his best works—save only *Monte Cristo*—is sufficient to carry the reader on swimmingly to the end, and the best plotter in the world can do no more. As to his dialogue, it is perhaps hardly second best. In its kind it is quite perfect, and the only fault is that there is a little too much of it. The characters do not bombard each other with astounding epigram like the characters of Molière and Congreve; yet they are not often dull. They are not learned or philosophical, but they have plenty of mother-wit, which is much more to the purpose. Even when one has been finding fault with the separate ingredients of the books, it suddenly strikes one that the total effect could not be better of its kind. If you want other kinds you must go elsewhere. But, if you want this kind, there is none like it. People used to find fault with Dumas as being "improper," but fortunately his chief traducers have taken good care to wipe off that imputation. After the novels of the last twenty years in France the flocks in Dumas's books, never very serious ones, really require a microscope to enable one to discern them at all. Therefore all we can say is that, if the question, Shall Alexandre Dumas have a statue? be one to which England has any right of reply, England should certainly reply Yes. The great Alexandre had a few little prejudices about us, and he made us run away from his invincible musketeers in a manner which is in doubtful accordance with the facts of history. But perhaps because the facts of history rather reverse the representation, we have no difficulty in forgiving him for this. His countrymen may, if they like, talk about his son being his best work. On this side the Channel there is not much danger of the joke being echoed. Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of a very clever and a very witty writer. But, with all respect to the Alexandre of to-day, he is not fit to hold a candle to his father either as a dramatist or as a novelist. As there can be no comparison between *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Dame aux Perles*, so there is none between *Mlle. de Belle-Isle* and *L'Etrangère*. The novels certainly have stood the test of time, and it is difficult to believe that at

least some of them will not continue to stand it. For they are in the main dependent on things which are of perennial interest to the fighting, loving, travelling, adventurous animal called man. There is not, we think, much danger that anybody for a very long time to come will look at the Dumas statue and ask the question—fatal to the claim of existence of statues—"Alexandre Dumas? and who was he?" Now, with the utmost deference to M. Zola, we do think it possible that this might happen before a great many centuries are past in the case of M. de Goncourt.

#### THE DEFEAT OF BOSS.

IT is difficult to say whether society will be grateful to Mr. Richard Proctor for throwing light on the great game of Boss, by giving a method of ascertaining when the puzzle can be solved and when it cannot, and by further showing how to bring the figures into sequence when the first position is one which makes ultimate victory possible. For some time past Boss has been at once a torment and a pleasure to a very large number of more or less rational people. Perhaps no game of the kind has ever become so rapidly popular, and perhaps none has been so generally abused. It certainly interested more men and women than any other puzzle that has been produced in our time, and has perhaps caused more aggregate irritation than anything yet invented. Nobody could resist it, from the pert schoolboy of fifteen who often solved the puzzle to the testy old gentleman of seventy who invariably failed. It enthralled all, and it infuriated a great many; and it may be said with truth that it is the only known contrivance of man which can stop a woman's tongue. It is not impossible that its unparalleled success was in part due to the fact that it came at a time when many ingenious young ladies and gentlemen were thirsting for a new method of tormenting themselves. For long the acrostic-maker reigned supreme, the absolute tyrant of families. The time of a large number of people was—harmlessly perhaps to themselves, but certainly to the hideous discomfort of their unambitious friends—principally occupied in the perpetual asking of riddles set in jingling verse. But, after a considerable period, the acrostic-maker fell. As usual in the long run, the attack proved stronger than the defence. Industrious men and women applied themselves with such zeal to the solution of acrostics that they became in time more cunning than the contrivers, and the latter were reduced to illegitimate devices, which naturally deprived the conundrums of much of their interest. When acrostics were palling, Boss appeared, and the new torment was hailed with universal acclamation. It seemed for awhile as though a puzzle had been invented which would defy all comers; for, though it was well known that some positions were insoluble, no one could say what proportion the total of hopeless positions bore to that of soluble ones, nor was any method devised by which a winning or soluble position could be distinguished from an insoluble or losing one. Now Mr. Richard Proctor has dispersed the mystery and explained Boss. Moved, perhaps, by the prospect of a large increase in the number of the occupants of lunatic asylums, he applied himself to the game; and straightway Boss has fallen. As has been said, it is doubtful whether society will be grateful to him, as certainly there was great fascination in a game which nobody could quite explain; but whether his success is received with gratitude or not, it cannot be questioned. No mystery will attach to Boss in the future.

It is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the present month that Mr. Proctor explains how insoluble, or, as he terms them, losing, positions can be distinguished from winning ones, and how from a winning position the numbers can be rapidly brought into sequence. He has, it seems, previously explained the puzzle; but we gather that the explanation now given is fuller and more conclusive than that which has previously appeared. It is with the first part of it that we are principally concerned. Clearly the most important thing for a player at this game to know is whether the position of numbers given him to start from is of the soluble or insoluble order—that is to say, whether from it the numbers can or cannot be worked into the desired sequence. It has, as we have said, been known for some time that there were a certain number of insoluble positions, and a few of these have been given in so-called keys to the puzzle; but the total number, hitherto unknown, will probably astonish Mr. Proctor's readers not a little. Boss—or, to use his more scientific language, the Fifteen Puzzle—admits, he says, of 20,922,789,888,000 distinct positions. Of these, half are winning and half are losing positions. Mathematicians are fond of piling up big figures, which usually leave no very vivid impression on the mind; but in this case Mr. Proctor will assuredly scare not a few of those who study his pages. There is something appalling in the thought of ten millions of millions of losing positions. Let it be supposed that every one of these indicates five minutes of intense annoyance on the part of some unsuccessful player. What interminable years of suffering are suggested by Mr. Proctor's terrible statement! Then it is startling, and at the same time not a little gratifying, to think what a chance the *chevaliers d'industrie* have lost. If they had only mastered the subject as Mr. Proctor has, they would have had ten millions of millions of chances of taking in their fellow-creatures; and, as a moderate amount of such skill as is required for tricks at cards would enable a man to place the Boss numbers in an insoluble position, while seemingly throwing them down at haphazard, it may fairly be said that the noblest

field ever yet open to the swindler has been entirely overlooked. Other singular considerations are suggested by the figures given, but into these we cannot now enter. What will most interest the ordinary student of Boss, after his first surprise is over, will be the method by which the 10,461,394,944,000 pitfalls can be avoided, and the corresponding number of safe ways discovered. Of this, as described by Mr. Proctor, we will endeavour to give a brief account.

He begins by stating the obvious fact that any position which can be obtained from the won position—i.e. the position in which the numbered blocks are in numerical sequence with the right-hand corner square blocks—must be a winning position, because, by reversing the order of movement, the blocks can be worked back to the won position. He takes twelve of these and shows that, in each case when the total number of what he first terms displacements, and then discrepancies, is even, the line in which the vacant space occurs is even, and that when the number is uneven the line is uneven. By discrepancies Mr. Proctor means the cases in which numbers precede a number which, in regular sequence, they would follow. Thus, for instance, in the line 1—7—9—2 there are two discrepancies, as 2, which follows, should precede, 7 and 9. With regard to the lines, of course the first or top line is uneven, the second even, the third uneven, the fourth even. The rule suggested by the examination of these twelve positions is evidently that when the whole number of discrepancies and the number of the line with the vacant space are both even, or both uneven, the position is soluble. How this rule is to be applied in practice is best shown by the example which Mr. Proctor gives. He takes the following arrangement of the blocks:—

9	14	12	4
5	1		8
3	7	15	2
13	10	6	11

The vacant square, it will be observed, is the third one of the second line under the square occupied by number 12 of the first line. The summing up of the discrepancies is as follows:—

	Discrepancies
12 which follows should precede 14.....	1
4 " " " 9, 14, 12 .....	3
5 " " " 9, 14, 12 .....	3
1 " " " 9, 14, 12, 4, 5 .....	5
8 " " " 9, 14, 12 .....	3
3 " " " 9, 14, 12, 4, 5, 8 .....	6
7 " " " 9, 14, 12, 8 .....	4
2 " " " 9, 14, 12, 4, 5, 8, 3, 7, 15 .....	9
13 " " " 14, 15 .....	2
10 " " " 14, 12, 15, 13 .....	4
6 " " " 9, 14, 12, 8, 7, 15, 13, 10 .....	8
11 " " " 14, 12, 15, 13 .....	4
<b>Total discrepancy .....</b>	<b>52</b>

Thus the total discrepancy is even, and the vacant line is also even; so that, if our suggested law is correct, the position should be a winning one.

This example shows clearly what Mr. Proctor's meaning is, and after giving it, he proceeds to demonstrate that, from the position which has been shown, no possible working of the squares, according to the rule of the game, can have other result than an even number of discrepancies and an even vacant line, or uneven discrepancies and an uneven line; and states the following final conclusions:—

Since, then, in the won position the total discrepancy (0) is even, and the vacant line (4th) is also even, in every position deducible from the won position or reducible to the won position, the total discrepancy and the vacant line are either both even or both odd. And therefore no position in which the total discrepancy is even and the vacant line odd, or *vice versa*, can possibly be a winning position.

For most players this will be enough, as they have a rule by which they can ascertain whether any position set before them is a winning or losing one; and though the rule may not have been proved, strictly speaking, to be true, at all events a very strong presumption has been raised in its favour. Mr. Proctor, however, as becomes a scientific man, is not satisfied with this result. He is determined to do a great deal more, and to solve the whole problem of the game exhaustively. He doughtily says:—

We have proved that from none of the multitudinous positions (one-half of the total number) in which the total discrepancy is odd and the vacant line even, or *vice versa*, can any position be obtained in which the total discrepancy and the vacant line are either both even or both odd; also, that from not one of the multitudinous positions of the latter kind (say the *winning* kind) can one of the former kind (say the *losing* kind) be obtained. But we have not yet proved that from any position of the winning sort any other position of the winning sort, including the won position, can be obtained; or from any position of the losing sort any other position of the same sort, including the lost position.

We cannot possibly prove either of these relations experimentally, for the simple reason that there are more than ten millions of millions of positions of the winning sort, and as many of the losing sort.

Yet it is not difficult to prove that from any winning position any other winning position, and from any losing any other losing position, may be obtained.

This proof he proceeds forthwith to give; and in giving it, shows the system on which the game is to be played. In this exposition we cannot follow him, as his reasoning, which is of considerable length, cannot be stated in a summary, or made clear without numerous diagrams. Those who wish to master the game of Boss or to gain any clear idea of how it may be mastered must study the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The task of students, we may observe, will not be a light one. Mr. Proctor's statement of his proofs is singularly obscure, and in places most difficult to follow.

Many of his readers will most devoutly wish that he would "explain his explanation"; and no doubt in time he will do so, giving an amplification of his present essay, which will be more or less clear to all. At present, however, most creditable work can be done by any Boss player whose devotion to the game is sufficient to make him grapple with the ambiguities of Mr. Proctor's statement and master the system by which from winning positions the final won position can be quickly reached. How to distinguish those positions has been already indicated, but it may be well to give the rule as stated by Mr. Proctor himself at the end of his article. His words are as follows:—

If the number both of horizontal and vertical rows be even (as in the Fifteen Puzzle), the won position, in which the blocks succeed each other in numerical sequence, following the lines as in reading, and leaving the last square vacant, can be obtained from any position in which the "total discrepancy" and the number of the partly vacant square [line] are either both even or both odd; but if the "total discrepancy" is even and the number of the partly vacant line odd, or *vice versa*, the won position cannot be obtained.

This is clear enough, and with attention and study, and perhaps some further assistance from Mr. Proctor, the proof of this rule and the system by which the game can be mastered will be made equally clear to the zealous player. Whether, however, the game will have its old attractiveness now that Mr. Proctor has explained and analysed it is extremely doubtful. What made it at once so delightful and so exasperating was the constant possibility of utter defeat. Rarely could a player be quite certain that Boss was not laying a trick for him, and would not be true to his name and prove master in the end. Now this is all over. There will be no more uncertainty. Mr. Proctor has defeated Boss, and perhaps Boss will not for long survive his defeat.

#### TRADE IN 1880.

THE year which has just ended has been one of steady, uninterrupted, and solid improvement in trade. It is quite clear now that the explanation offered by Mr. Giffen twelve months ago of the revival that set in so unexpectedly in the autumn of 1879, in spite of perhaps the worst harvest of the century, was the true one. The preceding depression had been overdone by an exaggerated amount of discredit and apprehension. To a far larger extent than economical writers generally have realized, states of trade depend upon states of mind in the business community. Credit is as the breath of life to trade, and when people are doubtful as to whether it is prudent to trust any one, trade as a matter of course must be depressed. The result of the Glasgow Bank crash was to produce almost universal distrust, and the necessary consequence was that production fell behind the demands of current consumption. A reaction, therefore, was inevitable, and it was stimulated and augmented by the recovery of the raw-material-producing countries, more especially the United States. Twelve months ago there was a fear that the improvement thus set going would collapse from the effects of the unhealthy speculation which accompanied it, but the fear has proved groundless. The speculation died out; but the trade revival continued, becoming strengthened and consolidated as it became more gradual and natural. It is hardly necessary to adduce proof of the reality of the revival, and data do not yet exist for measuring very exactly its magnitude; it may be worth while, however, to cite a few figures, for the sake of getting a more definite notion of how far the movement has yet proceeded. From the Board of Trade returns for November we find that, for the first eleven months of 1880, the value of the imports, compared with their value for the corresponding period of 1879, has increased about fifteen per cent.; while the value of the exports increased about seventeen per cent. The December return will not appear till the end of next week, but we need have little hesitation in predicting that it also will show improvement. It was in the foreign trade that the revival first manifested itself, but it has by no means been confined to the foreign trade. The railway traffic returns are justly regarded as a very accurate index of the condition of the country. It is clear that the receipts from the carriage of goods, for example, cannot be increased unless a larger quantity of goods is carried, or a higher charge is levied, or unless both causes co-operate. But if a higher charge is levied, and proves more productive, it can only be—when the whole country is in question, and therefore special causes are eliminated—because trade can bear higher charges, or, in other words, is more profitable. But in sixteen selected British and Irish railways we find that in the first twenty-five weeks of the second half of 1880 the traffic receipts had increased 1,030,000*l.*, the goods traffic contributing 636,000*l.*, or almost two-thirds, of the increase. Lastly, to refer to only one other piece of evidence, employers are beginning to concede an advance of wages to their workpeople. Early in the year the cotton-spinning operatives of North and North-East Lancashire obtained a rise of wages, but the weavers failed, although they threatened to strike in order to exact for themselves what had been given to the other branch of the trade. Quite recently, however, the advance previously refused, on the ground that it could not be afforded, has been voluntarily given. Here, then, we have unquestionable proof of greater prosperity. In Durham, again, the miners have had their wages raised, and in several lesser instances there have also been concessions, while the feeling is almost universal that a general rise is impending



We might add to these pieces of evidence extracts without number from trade circulars and market reports, but we have said enough to establish the fact, with which alone we are here concerned now—that trade has continued to improve all through the year.

The revival has been accompanied, of course, by a rise of prices; but the rise has been far more general and more considerable in securities than in commodities. This is natural. A rise of prices in commodities cannot be sustained for any length of time by mere speculation. But such an increase of consumption as would justify a great rise of prices must in the nature of things be gradual. In ordinary articles—those, for example, whose price is mainly determined by the prosperity of the great body of the people—increased consumption has to wait, first for the employment of the whole of the working classes, and then for a rise of wages. It is not until labour is becoming scarce and wages are running up rapidly that prices mount, as they did, for instance, in the inflation years that followed the Franco-German war. As regards, again, what are called the instrumental commodities, such as iron and coal, consumption abroad must exceed production abroad before it can act very appreciably upon prices here in England. Twelve months ago the consumption of iron in the United States momentarily exceeded the production there, and there was a rise of the price here at home “by leaps and bounds.” But after a while the production in the United States was stimulated by this rise, and overtook the supply. In the opinion of many competent observers, the consumption will never again outstrip the production; but this is travelling beyond our present purpose, which is only to point out why the rise in securities should necessarily be quicker than that in commodities. The organization of the stock markets lends itself more readily to speculative dealing, and, moreover, the consumption is more universal. The real consumers of iron are comparatively a limited class, but nearly every one who saves is a purchaser of securities. It was inevitable, therefore, that the rise in the latter should be not only greater than in the former, but that, to borrow the language of the Stock Exchange, it should fully “discount the future”; in other words, should be ahead of the actual situation, and abreast of the calculations of the shrewdest and most far-seeing capitalists. Two elaborate articles, which have appeared in the *Statist* during the past month, and which support their statements by tables involving an immense amount of labour, enable us to show what the rise in each case has been. Taking securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, which were in August 1879 of the aggregate market value of 1,575 millions, the writer of the first article shows that early last month the value had risen to 1,846½ millions. The rise that took place in the autumn of 1879 is included here, while the movement of the past three weeks is not taken into account. But our object just now is not to measure exactly the advance from one New Year's Day to another, but to show the direction and momentum of the course of prices during the year which has just closed, and for this purpose the figures we have cited are as good as if the comparison was between the last weeks in December in each year. It will be noticed that the writer in the *Statist*, being unable to find space for all the securities dealt in upon the Stock Exchange, was obliged to confine his calculations to the principal ones, representing roughly in value about one half of the whole; and he finds that the rise of price in these in about fourteen or fifteen months amounted to the enormous sum of 271 millions, or considerably more than the indemnity paid by France to Germany. It may be said that this addition to the value of the property of British and Irish bond and share holders in consequence of the revival in trade is imaginary, that it is nothing more than a book entry of the same property in higher figures; but this is not quite so. No doubt, to some extent, the augmented value is only a book credit. But, on the other hand, it is to a large degree real and tangible. We showed above that in the half-year just ended sixteen home railways earned considerably more than a million over and above the earnings of the corresponding half of 1879, and these increased earnings are for the most part clear profit, because the working expenses have not been swelled by higher wages and prices. The increased price of railways, then, is based upon increased incomes. In the same way, the banks have all been doing better. So have the cotton companies, as we said above, and the iron companies, the tramways, and so on. The same thing holds of shipping companies, telegraphs, and the like. In short, it is true generally that, in consequence of the revival of trade, all industrial enterprises are more profitable, and for that reason are worth higher prices, though, of course, we do not mean to imply that in every case the rise has been in exact proportion to the augmented value, but only that it is based to a greater or less extent upon an augmentation of value. Nor is it only industrial enterprises that are more profitable. The good seasons which have revived trade in the raw-material-producing countries have also restored their tax-paying powers, and consequently improved their credit, while the political settlement of Egypt has still further raised the value of its bonds. Granting, then, all that can truly be said about speculation and fictitious values, it will be seen that much of the rise is as real as the rise in the value of agricultural land that always attends upon a series of good seasons. Returning to the article in the *Statist* we find, as was to be expected, that the rise is greatest in industrial concerns. Thus in Government Stocks, home and foreign, it was only 14½ per cent.; but in home railways it was 22 per cent.; in miscellaneous, 33 per cent.; in banks, 37 per cent.; and in foreign railways, 49 per cent.

In commodities the movement of prices has by no means been

uniform. It is startling to find from the second article in the *Statist* that the price of steel and of iron is actually lower now than in the first eight months of 1879—that is, before the American purchases began, and when the depression seemed at its worst. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the new method of steel-making greatly cheapens the cost of production. There is likewise a fall in the price of horses, of books, of leather, of glass of all kinds, of linen and jute yarn, of paper, salt, manufactured silk, woollen cloth, and woollen yarn. But in general there is a marked advance, as, for example, of 15 per cent. in rails, of 19½ per cent. in bar iron, 30½ per cent. in pig iron, and 46 per cent. in old iron. There is also a rise in all kinds of manufactured cotton, in coals, in copper, brass, lead, zinc, and tin, in wool, woollen yarn, worsted, and carpets. But the most remarkable fact brought out by the article is that prices are still below the level of 1861. That was a year of very low prices, when the depression that followed the crisis of 1857 had reached the lowest point. It is, therefore, not a little surprising to find that, in spite of the trade revival, prices are still below the level of that year. One explanation is that, owing to a growing scarcity of gold, prices will henceforth be permanently lower than they were at a time when gold was superabundant. But this is a proposition to discuss which would lead us too far afield. It is enough to say, for the present, that the revival of trade which we are considering has not yet gone far enough to act very perceptibly on the prices of commodities. As we pointed out above, the movement for an increase of wages is only just beginning, which is but another way of saying that the improvement in trade has hitherto been barely sufficient to give full employment to the working classes. But, until the working classes have for some time been in full employment, their buying cannot have any great effect upon prices. Another thing to remember is that agriculture is still suffering severely. Farmers are unable to employ labour as formerly, or to pay their rents promptly; and landlords consequently are also not in a position to spend freely. It seems probable, therefore, that the movement of prices in commodities is but just beginning. The trade improvement continues and is gaining strength. It must bring with it a rise of wages. And in turn a rise of wages must cause a rise of prices, both because it adds to the cost of production, tends to swell the circulation, and so to enhance the value of money, and augments greatly the purchasing power of the working classes. But how far the rise of prices will go depends upon many causes the operation of which it is impossible to calculate.

#### THE THEATRES.

AT the Princess's Theatre Mr. Booth has followed his powerful representation of Richelieu by a performance which in some important respects is even more powerful of Bertuccio in the late Mr. Tom Taylor's play *The Fool's Revenge*. This piece was founded, as will be remembered, upon M. Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, a play which it has not been given to many of the present generation to see performed upon the stage, but of which the outlines have been made familiar to opera-goers by means of Signor Verdi's *Rigoletto*. The original piece has, it is hardly necessary to say, much of the grandeur of which M. Victor Hugo is among living poets and dramatists the master; but it has also some of the faults which are characteristic of his work, and one at least of which Mr. Tom Taylor got rid of with some success. The final scene of *Le Roi s'amuse* is at best curiously inartistic, and seems to have an echo of the pre-Shakspearean time, when any kind of horror was invented by playwrights and tolerated by audiences. A scene in which a half-dead girl, rising out of a sack into which she has been thrown for dead, holds colloquy with her father, who has imagined that the sack contained the corpse of the tyrant at whose life his revenge had aimed, is obviously unfitted for dramatic purposes as they are now understood, and as they were understood in the time of Horace. Mr. Tom Taylor did well from a modern dramatist's point of view in expunging this scene; but he might perhaps have avoided expunging with it the finest speech in the whole play, which is also perhaps one of the finest dramatic speeches which M. Victor Hugo has written. The characteristic figures of Saltabadil (the Sparafucile of the opera) and his daughter also disappear in *The Fool's Revenge*, and the motive of the play is weakened by the fact that it is not the King, or the Duke, himself upon whom the jester longs to be revenged, but one of his Court, the Count Malatesta, who had in his youth seduced the jester's wife. This in a certain sense takes away, as probably it was intended to do, something of the savagery of Triboulet's or Bertuccio's character; but the substitution of an attempt at gratifying a special grudge in the meanest possible way for the ferocious delight of indulging his hatred for the Court in general is not altogether commendable. St. Vallier's curse also disappears, and with it that sense of impending horror which, in M. Victor Hugo's play, oppresses the jester in his anticipation of triumph. But it would be tedious to point out in detail all the differences between *Le Roi s'amuse* and a play which Mr. Tom Taylor was careful to describe in a preface to the published version as being “neither translation nor *refaciamento*.” The notion, upon which the play depends, of the jester's double life and of his schemes of vengeance recoiling upon his own head, is of course taken from M. Victor Hugo, and, granting that Mr. Tom Taylor was right in taking this notion only and working it up after his own fashion, it must be

admitted that his knowledge of stage effect stood him in good stead in his carrying out of his intention. Mr. Tom Taylor, excellent playwright as at his best he was, was less happy in the writing of verse than of prose; but this is of the less importance since, from the utterance of most of the players who support Mr. Booth, it would be difficult without previous knowledge to arrive at the conclusion that they were speaking verse. For Mr. Booth's own performance, with a few exceptions, we have nothing but praise. We have said that his performance of this part is in some respects more powerful than his Richelieu. Richelieu is a tolerably familiar part, with strongly marked passages which are expected by the audience, and which can hardly fail to produce their due impression if they are given with any power. Bertuccio is a part with which comparatively few playgoers are acquainted, and in which very much depends upon the player's imagination as well as upon his execution. In a certain sense, of course, every important part depends for its success in interpretation upon the imagination of the person who interprets it; but in some such parts, and markedly in Richelieu, a theatre-goer who ran over the play before seeing it acted would be able to make a tolerable guess at the kind of effect which the player would aim at. To illustrate our meaning by one instance, there is the well-known "curse of Rome" speech in *Richelieu*, to the directness of which scarcely anything, except perhaps the speech at the end of the first act in *The Fool's Revenge*, corresponds. This speech, ending with the lines

Vengeance swells out my veins, and lifts my head,  
And makes me terrible! Come, sweet to-morrow,  
And put my enemy's heart into my hand  
That I may gnaw it!

was given with great, even with surprising, power by Mr. Booth; but perhaps his finest acting was seen in passages where the text gives hardly any hint of the effect which the actor produces. Highest among these effects we should be inclined to place Mr. Booth's acting in the last scene but one of the play. Here, among many admirable touches, one which is especially audacious, and especially successful, is found in his entreaties to Torelli to take him into the room where, as he now knows, his daughter, and not the Countess Malatesta, is imprisoned. He dances round Torelli with a wild exaggeration of the jester's manner, which at last gives place to an utter and deeply tragical abasement of supplication. With the exception of some touches in Mr. Irving's *Mathias*, we cannot remember to have seen within the last few years any piece of acting at once so daring and so successful as this. The least step in the wrong direction would make it at once the opposite of what, as Mr. Booth executes it, it is. In other passages which are more or less of the same kind, but which make less demand upon the actor's capacity for at once expressing and controlling a storm of conflicting emotion, Mr. Booth is, as it seems to us, markedly successful. In one scene only to our thinking he fails, and in that the failure is partial. This is the scene with his daughter in the second act. Here, with considerable tenderness, Mr. Booth yet employs the same form of expression too often—so often, indeed, that he comes dangerously near to monotony. The drawn sobs, which are at first effective and pathetic enough, lose something of their effect by too frequent repetition. The actor's technical skill is strikingly exhibited in this character. Never forgetting that Bertuccio is hump-backed and bow-legged, Mr. Booth yet contrives to display a most interesting combination of grace and grotesqueness. Such apparently trifling actions as the kicking over of the flagons in the last act are just the actions which only an actor of thorough training can accomplish with the effect that Mr. Booth gives to this as to other merely technical matters throughout the play. It may be presumed that the principal actor is responsible for the picturesque and ingenious arrangement for the change of scene in the last act—an arrangement which, however, is not without its risks, as was shown on the night when we were present. Mrs. Hermann Vezin plays Francesca with force and discretion, and Miss Gerard acts the jester's daughter, Fiordelisa, with grace and with good intention. There is not much to be said in praise of the other players concerned in the piece. They would do well to learn amongst other things that Manfredi does not rhyme to Macready, and one of them at least should remember that Malatesta does not assume a final *r* before a vowel.

At Sadler's Wells Mrs. Bateman is entertaining her audiences with a revival of *The School for Scandal*, the interest of which depends chiefly upon the acting of Miss Virginia Bateman as Lady Teazle, Mr. Charles Warner as Charles Surface, and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Sir Peter. Miss Bateman's performance is full of spirit and intention, and in the screen scene she rightly aims at and reaches pathos. Mr. Charles Warner ruined the effect of some excellent acting on his own part in this scene by the inexcusable blunder of taking a "call" after his exit. In earlier scenes Mr. Warner's unflagging vivacity and good humour made one condone some faults which experience will probably remove. In the dinner scene, which is capitally arranged, and in which Mr. Wheatcroft sings "Here's to the Maiden" with much spirit and spontaneity, Mr. Warner is at his best. Mr. Vezin's Sir Peter is curiously dry and disappointing. The play is well mounted, and the stage management is excellent.

*Valentine and Orson*, the pantomime written by Mr. F. C. Burnand for Covent Garden, would probably have made its mark without the curious and ingenious variety of advertisement which heralded and accompanied it. As far as dialogue goes, it is not perhaps of much importance that Mr. Burnand rather than another wrote it, since, except in the case of

the Vokes family, all of whom are actors as well as mimes, the dialogue is chiefly dumb show. But it is of importance that a writer of Mr. Burnand's stage knowledge should have contrived the plan of an opening which follows closely the lines of an "ever charming, ever new," story, and yet gives plenty of scope for pantomime in the best sense. Miss Vokes's Valentine is of course graceful and spirited, and her share in the caricature of the *Corsican Brothers* duel is capitally executed. Mr. Vokes, who plays Orson, has lost nothing of his power of combining acting with agility, while the prestance of his legs is, if possible, more imposing than ever. Amazing feats of agility are performed, mostly in the scenes in which Mr. Vokes appears, by Master Lauri, who has also considerable talent as a mime. Master Lauri will not, we hope, remain a mere acrobat. His talent seems worthy of ranking with that of the Hanlon-Lees. The comic business is throughout admirable, and at least one scene of the harlequinade has real merit and invention. The scenery is artistic and most effective. The transformation scene is imaginative and brilliant, but suggests, in its multiplicity of living lights, some unpleasing possibilities.

## REVIEWS.

### MEMOIR OF CHARLES JOHN HERRIES.\*

THE delicate reserve which has induced Mr. Herries's sons to exclude from the present Memoir all notice of his private life and character is perhaps to be regretted. Few abler public servants lived in his time, and none were more conscientious and upright; but Mr. Herries enjoyed no popular notoriety; and his solid and valuable services are, with other events of the same date, generally forgotten. It would have been easier to revive the interest of the present generation in his character and history by some personal account of his life than by a dry record of public transactions; and the object of the biography would therefore have been most effectually attained by a deviation from the course which has been deliberately selected. The difficulty is, not to refute the calumnies to which Mr. Herries's reputation has been subjected, but to obtain a hearing. The book would, it appears, never have been written but for some ill-considered passages in Mr. Walpole's recent *History of England* since 1815. Mr. Edward Herries conclusively disproves charges which are only partially supported by certain passages in Lord Palmerston's *Autobiography* and in Mr. Greville's *Memoirs*. It is to be hoped that an early opportunity will be taken to make due reparation and apology. It would be absurd to affect a suspension of judgment till Mr. Walpole has had time to justify accusations which are clearly baseless. In one of his notes Mr. Walpole cites alleged authorities for his narrative of a proceeding which he designates as "this strange intrigue." The corresponding text relates nothing which can properly be described as either a strange or an ordinary intrigue. From some contemporary lampoon, probably published in the *Morning Chronicle* at the instigation of Mr. Herries's bitter enemy, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Walpole quotes with inverted commas the description of Mr. Herries as a "Tory Clerk." He then proceeds to repeat in his own person the ridiculous and offensive libel on the most experienced financier then living in England, the confidential adviser of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Vansittart, and Mr. Robinson, who had for some years sat in Parliament as Financial Secretary of the Treasury. The author of the biography is perhaps excessively, though excusably, severe on Mr. Walpole's unfortunate mistakes, which may probably be ascribed only to carelessness and to imperfect knowledge of the period. But an historian ought to have been on his guard against the misrepresentations of party pamphlets and newspapers, which were never more unscrupulously circulated than in the days of George IV. Mr. Walpole's error is the more surprising because Mr. Herries was first introduced into the conduct of important business by Mr. Perceval, whose entire confidence he enjoyed. It is evident that Mr. Walpole was wholly ignorant that, as Chief Commissioner during the later part of the war, the "Tory Clerk" had directed the expenditure of forty millions on supplies to the army, and that in a single year he procured by complex operations the means of making specie payments to the amount of twenty millions. He was entrusted with the negotiations for payment of subsidies to thirty-four different States, ranging in importance from Austria, Prussia, and Russia to Lippe-Schaumburg and Reuss-Greiz. He managed the coinage of enormous sums of gold, not only in English guineas, but in Hanoverian money, and even in French louis d'ors; and when his accounts were closed, several years after the war, his services, for which he declined special remuneration, were cordially acknowledged by the Ministers and in the House of Commons. When Mr. Walpole's "strange intrigue" resulted in Mr. Herries's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the funds immediately rose, and several capitalists declared that they would have ceased to hold English stock if any other Minister had been substituted. The detailed proof of these facts in the first volume of the *Memoirs* will furnish original

\* *Memoir of the Public Life of the Right Honourable Charles John Herries, in the Reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria.* By his Son, Edward Herries, C.B. With an Introduction by Sir Charles Herries, K.C.B. London: John Murray. 1880.



and valuable materials to any future student of the financial history of the time. Incidentally, it will perhaps convince Mr. Walpole that before he attacked the character of Mr. Herries he ought to have made himself acquainted with the rudimentary facts of his career. It is unfortunately but too probable that ordinary readers will be repelled by the dry and complicated history of elaborate financial and commercial arrangements. Only one or two lively episodes vary the dullness of official correspondence. Mr. Edward Herries corrects an utterly incredible legend of Sir W. Napier's, to the effect that Lord Wellington collected all the forgers and utterers of false coin in the ranks of the army, and contrived with their aid to fabricate French money which passed as genuine. The real coiner was Mr. Herries; the engraver was Mr. Wyon of the Mint; and the previous consent of Louis XVIII. had been formally given. In his arrangements for collecting specie at all the commercial centres of the Continent, not excluding Paris, Mr. Herries was efficiently aided by Mr. Rothschild, the founder of the celebrated firm and family. When certain Whigs were intriguing against the appointment of Mr. Herries as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the *Morning Chronicle* was induced to publish a mendacious statement that the Cabinet had found the nomination impossible in consequence of the connexion between Mr. Herries and the house of Rothschild. Lord Lansdowne indignantly repudiated the calumny, which was still more effectually refuted by the confirmation of Mr. Herries's appointment. His relations with Mr. Rothschild had been formed and employed exclusively for the good of the public service.

Mr. Herries was born of an old family in a good social position; but the bankruptcy of his father, well known as Colonel of the Light Horse Volunteers, left him at the age of twenty with no provision except a clerkship in the Treasury. A post in the same office of 300*l.* a year was soon afterwards placed at his disposal by the singular and characteristic disinclination of the other clerks to become candidates for a place of hard work. After serving for a time as private secretary to Mr. Vansittart, then Secretary of the Treasury, he was promoted to a similar employment under Mr. Perceval, who increased his income by the gift of some petty revenue places. In 1811, at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Herries was appointed Chief Commissary; and he retained the office till it was abolished in 1816, when he became Auditor of the Civil List. In 1823 Lord Liverpool procured his return for Harwich, for the purpose of securing his services as Secretary of the Treasury; and for the next four years he did much of the hard work of the financial department, of which Mr. Robinson was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the ostensible chief. On the retirement of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Herries adhered to Mr. Canning, though in political opinion he continued to be a Tory. The Catholic question was, as in Lord Liverpool's time, left open; and Canning required all his colleagues, including his new Whig allies, to pledge themselves against Parliamentary reform. Lord Palmerston, in an autobiographical sketch published by Lord Dalling, states that he accepted from Canning the offer of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, but that some time afterwards Canning told him that he found it convenient to retain the office himself in conjunction with the Treasury. Lord Palmerston oddly adds that the King hated him, and wished Herries to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or that Mr. Canning should hold the office, so that the practical work might devolve on Mr. Herries as Auditor of the Civil List. "There were," according to Lord Palmerston, "questions coming on about palaces and Crown lands which the King was very anxious about, and he wished either to have a creature of his own at the Exchequer, or to have the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer held by the First Lord." Mr. Edward Herries clearly proves that Lord Palmerston, probably at a considerable interval of time, entirely mistated the facts. The Chancellorship of the Exchequer was not offered to Mr. Herries, nor could he have been Auditor of the Civil List, since the place was, as Lord Palmerston must have known, incompatible with a seat in Parliament. The Secretary at War had for four years sat side by side in the House of Commons with the Secretary of the Treasury whom he represents as still a member of the non-political Civil Service. Mr. Canning had, in fact, asked Mr. Herries whether he would continue to serve under Lord Palmerston; and, on receiving a distinct refusal, he had said, "Then there is an end of the matter." It is possible that this short conversation may explain Mr. Canning's change of purpose with reference to the disposal of the Exchequer. Lord Palmerston is also responsible for an inaccurate account of later transactions in which Mr. Herries took a prominent part. On the death of Canning, Lord Goderich, who succeeded him by desire of the King, offered the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Sturges Bourne. On his refusal, the Minister, still by the King's desire, made the offer to Mr. Herries, who at first declined it with a strong recommendation that it should be given to Mr. Huskisson. The King afterwards personally proposed the appointment to Mr. Herries, who accepted it on Lord Goderich's distinct statement that he was, as First Minister, responsible for the nomination. The Whig members of the Cabinet afterwards persuaded Lord Goderich to hesitate in conferring the appointment, partly through dislike of Mr. Herries, and also in connexion with an effort which they were making to introduce Lord Holland into the Cabinet. Mr. Herries repeatedly offered to relieve Lord Goderich of his undertaking, and at one time he expressed his willingness to retain his office of Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Huskisson as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The libel in the

*Morning Chronicle* compelled him to place before Lord Goderich the alternative of confirming the appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer or of losing his services. Eventually Lord Goderich, perhaps under pressure from the King, complied with Mr. Herries's terms, and he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, while Lord Lansdowne and the other Whig Ministers who had threatened to resign remained in the Cabinet. The biographer shows that there was no question about parks or palaces; and he also confutes an injurious piece of gossip published in the Greville Memoirs, to the effect that Mr. Herries had ingratiated himself with the King "by transacting some of his pecuniary business, getting for him odds and ends out of *droits*, &c." There was no reason why Mr. Herries should not help the King in the transaction of his private business, though there is no proof of the fact; but he could assuredly not have transferred to him any *droits* or other funds which were public property. The "*droits*, &c." had, after a debate in the House of Commons, been added to the Civil List, and, if they passed through Mr. Herries's hands, he would have been guilty of malversation if he had not paid them over to the lawful owner. It is not even certain that Mr. Greville intended to convey the insinuation which is repeated by Mr. Walpole; but Mr. Greville, who probably knew nothing about *droits* and similar payments, received his information from Mr. Herries's implacable enemy, Mr. Tierney, who was thoroughly familiar with the subject.

Another of Lord Palmerston's statements is to the effect that the King placed Mr. Herries in the Cabinet as a live shell to explode when it might be convenient. As Mr. Herries's biographer forcibly remarks, the King had no need to adopt any indirect or circuitous course for ridding himself of a Ministry which he need not have appointed. He had preferred Canning to Wellington and Peel, who could even in the lifetime of their great rival have commanded a majority in Parliament. The King apparently liked the feeble and manageable Goderich better than the Tory leaders, and especially, at that time, than the Duke of Wellington, though he wished to limit as narrowly as possible the numbers and influence of the Whig contingent. The final disruption was caused partly by Lord Goderich's pressure for the admission of Lord Holland into the Cabinet, and perhaps also by the difference between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of the House of Commons, in which Mr. Herries was clearly in the right. Without consulting him, Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson, at the instigation of Mr. Tierney, offered to Lord Althorp the place of Chairman of the Finance Committee, which Mr. Herries had originally proposed to Mr. Canning. No Chancellor of the Exchequer who regarded his personal or political honour could have submitted to such a slight. Mr. Herries tendered his resignation unless the nomination of Lord Althorp was withdrawn; and he steadily refused to release the Prime Minister from the responsibility of a decision by an unconditional resignation. While Lord Goderich, according to his custom, was hesitating, the King suddenly sent for the Duke of Wellington, who formed a strong Government by including the followers of Canning. Mr. Herries, though he again was admitted to the Cabinet, was relegated to the subordinate office of Master of the Mint, being, therefore, as the biographer truly says, a loser by the transaction which he was supposed by his enemies to have contrived. The whole history of their proceedings is told at great length, with the result of entirely acquitting Mr. Herries of all blame or suspicion. Mr. Edward Herries is a vigorous and skilful writer, and a considerable part of his work is devoted to a vindication of the party to which his father belonged. Those who are interested in the history of the time will find much information in a narrative which is necessarily desultory, as it follows the intermitting course of Mr. Herries's public activity.

After the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Government, Mr. Herries remained a moderate member of the Opposition, though he seems scarcely to have been on cordial terms with Sir Robert Peel. His authority on questions of economy and finance was generally recognized. Lord Ashburton said that he was the best financier with whom he had ever transacted business; and Lord John Russell expressed nearly the same opinion. When the Whigs were defeated in 1846, Mr. Herries unfortunately lost his seat for Harwich, which he had held against Whig opposition for more than twenty years. Sir Robert Peel made his exclusion from Parliament an excuse for not including him in the Cabinet, though, as soon as all the offices were filled, he offered him a seat, which Mr. Herries declined. After remaining for several years in retirement, he returned to the House of Commons in time to become President of the Board of Control in Lord Derby's first Administration. He died in 1855 at the age of seventy-seven, after a laborious, useful, and honourable life. He may be considered fortunate in the literary ability of his natural defender, though it was scarcely to be expected that a controversy should arise in a later generation on the character of a statesman who would not have claimed for himself more than a secondary rank.

#### OLIPHANT'S LAND OF GILEAD.\*

IT is strange that the broad belt of country lying between the river Jordan on the west and the Great Syrian Desert on the east should have been so much neglected by travellers. It is

\* *The Land of Gilead; with Excursions in the Lebanon.* By Laurence Oliphant, Author of "Lord Elgin's Mission to China," "Piccadilly," &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

not a dangerous or a difficult country to explore; the climate is everything that can be desired; it is full of the most remarkable ruins; it has sacred associations only surpassed by those of Western Palestine; and it is peopled with strange races. Yet the place remains a land of mystery. Few are the travellers who visit the lands of Bashan, Gilead, and Moab; fewer still who have eyes to see and ears to hear. These can, in fact, be nearly numbered on the fingers. The names of Burckhardt, Seetzen, Newbolt, Wetzstein, Porter, De Vogüé, Burton, Palmer, and Merrill almost exhaust the list—to which a tenth name, that of Oliphant, may now be added. The existing maps of this country are compiled from rough and unscientific observations made by these travellers. They are all incomplete; places are set down miles from their true position; rivers run up hills, and mountains are set upon plains. Of course, in a rough way, a good deal is known. The mountains of Gilead, as placed on the best maps, are tolerably near their true position; Wetzstein, if he did not restore to the Argob all its "sixty fenced cities," was enabled to show a region covered with villages and ruins; the Roman roads have been partly recovered, especially that which runs from Bosra to Salchat, the last fortress on the east, and then strikes straight into the Desert—whither, no man knoweth; the Roman towns of Jerash and Amman have been repeatedly visited; many of the Greek inscriptions of the Hauran have been collected; the strange structures, with swinging doors and window-shutters of stone, in the Hauran and the Lejah, have been described; and the cities of Moab have been recovered. But hitherto travellers have been visitors rather than explorers; only two or three have remained long enough in the country to examine any part of it with an approach to thoroughness. Each successive traveller has followed a single track, the shortest from one important point to the next, leaving the country to right and left unvisited; so that any new comer in search of discoveries has only to mark out for himself a different line in order to make them. He may not light upon a Moabite stone, or recover the lost cities of the Decapolis, or find Pella and the first Christian church; but he is pretty sure of finding modern villages and ancient ruins where the maps are blanks; and, if he is an Arabic scholar, or is accompanied by a good interpreter, he will most certainly have abundant opportunity of making acquaintance with tribes whose manners and customs have never been studied, in whose minds linger strange traditions of the past, whose religion is a mystery, and whose origins are unknown.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant undertook his journey with the object of ascertaining how far, and under what conditions, the country east of the Jordan would be available for purposes of colonization, and for the furtherance of his great scheme of Jewish immigration and settlement. He left Western Palestine at Banias, where the ruins of the great Kulat-es-Subeibeh, once the stronghold of the Templars, and for a time the castle of the Old Man of the Mountain, still bar the way from Damascus. His route lay first in a south-westerly direction, through an almost unknown district, to Kuneitreh, perhaps the ancient Canatha, on the edge of the district of Jedur. Near this town are settled some three thousand Circassians. It was unfortunate that on leaving Kuneitreh, and striking across the unknown plains of Jaulan, a heavy fog allowed nothing to be seen except the luxuriant herbage in which the travellers waded knee deep, and occasional clear, bright streams which ran across their path. Those who propose to travel on Syrian highlands hardly reckon upon such an accident as a fog. Consolation, however, for this disappointment was obtained by the ascent of a hill called the Tell el Feras, which afforded an excellent prospect of the whole country—none other than the realm of the great King Og. It is described by Mr. Oliphant as a vast expanse of well-watered plain and pasture-land, in places abundantly strewn with basaltic rocks, but capable of sustaining countless flocks and herds. Eastward and southward stretch the broad corn-growing plains of the Hauran. On the south-west of the Tell lies that rocky plain, bounded by the blue waters of the Lake of Tiberias, where Benhadad and his chiefs resolved to meet the Israelites. According to Moslem belief, it is on this plain that shortly before the end of all things Jesus will reappear armed with a lance for the slaying of Antichrist, after his baleful reign of forty days. There need be no mistake about the enemy of mankind, because he will have but one eye and will bear upon his forehead the name of Kafir or infidel. The district south-east of the Tell el Feras Mr. Oliphant believes to be the much-disputed Land of Uz, which is generally placed in, or north of, Arabia Deserta. Smith's Classical Atlas, indeed, with great liberality, spreads the Land of Uz over the whole of the Desert. But Arab writers have always asserted that Job lived in the Hauran; the place is full of traditions connected with Job. There is a monastery near the village of Es Sadiyah, called the Deir Eyub, or convent of Job, said to have been built in the second century by the Jefnide King Amr I.—a story which, if true, gives the tradition a very respectable antiquity. A so-called tomb of Job is said to be still shown near Nawa, and another at Es Sadiyah; and the peasants call the country the Belad Eyub, or district of Job. Mr. Oliphant strengthens his case by arguing that the Uz referred to by Jeremiah (xxv. 20) must be near Damascus; that, according to Josephus, Uz settled in Trachonitis and Damascus; that the Christians in the twelfth century placed the birthplace of Bildad the Shuite twenty miles or so south of Es Sadiyah, in a district now named Zuweit, while the neighbouring village of Tema, whose inhabitants are called Temani, reminds one that Eliphaz was a Temanite. This seems, on the whole, a

pretty strong case, though experience in Biblical identification bids us warn Mr. Oliphant not to be too sanguine of the general adoption of his theory. He might, had he thought of it, have still further strengthened himself by quoting Lieutenant Conder's useful canon, that a tradition is only valuable when it is common to Jew, Christian, and Moslem. For instance, half a dozen traditions are floating about the country south of the Huleh connected with Jacob and his daughters. Yet these legends are unknown to any writer—Jew, Christian, or Arabic—and no one would, in consequence of these alone, associate the place with any event in the life of the patriarch. But in this case we have Josephus, King Amr, the Arabic historians, William of Tyre, and the modern peasants, all concurring in the same tradition, and making up between them a continuous and long catena of belief. One would, however, like to hear the other side, as represented by Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, in reply. As regards the old monastery, the most ancient ecclesiastical edifice of the kind, it is built of square blocks of dolerite, and is partly in ruins; the portion still standing is now used as a barrack, and is the residence of the mutasserif. Close to the village of Es Sadiyah are the tomb and fountain of Job, the former being a mukam or shrine, to which, as they did in the days of Chrysostom, pilgrims from all parts repair "to kiss with rapture the ground where Job suffered." The place has a special sanctity in the eyes of Africans, who come in great numbers from the Soudan, and the shrine is under the care of some two hundred negroes, who are exempt from taxation. The ruins of an ancient temple stand upon a mound near the tomb of Job, which Mr. Oliphant thinks has been successively a Phœnician temple of Baal, a Roman temple, a Christian church, and a Moslem house of prayer. If he is right, a monolith, the top of which has been broken off, was formerly the well-known emblem of Baal, and is perhaps the only monument of the kind remaining. This is no unsupported conjecture, because the place was clearly an important centre of Baal worship. The name of Astaroth, the principal female divinity of the Phœnicians, survives in the names of two adjacent villages, called Ashtereh and Tell Asherah. Besides this was the country of the Amorites, "who served Baalim and Asherah." The question which naturally follows is, Which of these two places, if either, is the ancient Astaroth? We cannot follow Mr. Oliphant through a very interesting argument. It is sufficient to say that he places Astaroth at Ashtereh, a village which he saw, but did not visit—it was visited by Captain Newbold in 1846—and Astaroth Karnaim at Asherah, which he did visit. Thus one question opens out another, and one problem suggests another. To use Mr. Oliphant's words, the "field for antiquarian and archaeological research in these regions is so vast and enticing that, if one has any other object in view, the temptation to linger must be steadily resisted."

Leaving Tell Asherah, the traveller struck southward, and crossing the Yarmuk, passed over the Wady Rahab, which, Mr. Oliphant suggests, is the "Cavea Roob" mentioned by William of Tyre, where the Crusaders held, and lost, a strong position favourable for predatory expeditions. On their left hand lay the village of Dera, or Derat, visited by Wetzstein, who alone has seen it. He describes it as a "subterranean city." He says that he passed along a subterranean street, perfectly ventilated by holes in the roof, with cross streets leading off on either side; a "market-place with numerous shops in the walls exactly in the style of the shops now seen in the Syrian cities." In a "side-street" he found a great hall whose roof, formed of a single slab of jasper, rested on four pillars. The room had no supports, and the doors, after the fashion of the country, were of stone. He says that he was an hour and a half in the place, and that he only came out because he was afraid of the lights going out. A subterranean city! market-places and shops below the ground! It reads like an *Arabian Nights* story. The discovery is so remarkable, the account so clear, that one would not willingly throw cold water upon its credit. Yet, when one reflects that these wonders were all beheld by the dim flicker of two composite candles, it is impossible to avoid the feeling that imagination may have converted a tomb into a shop and a vault into a market-place. Is it not, however, extraordinary that such a story should have been told twenty-one years ago, and that no one has taken the trouble to follow up a discovery which, if Wetzstein's theory were true, would be as interesting as that of Pompeii? Whatever the truth may be, there can be no doubt that Wetzstein found a vast system of *souterrains* which would certainly repay examination, and it is very much to be regretted that Mr. Oliphant was denied the opportunity of making the investigation himself. He heard of two other similar places, called Beloola and Rahab, which were described to him as in no way inferior to Dera. The country is full of troglodytes, and at many villages through which Mr. Oliphant passed, as at Es Sal and Irbid, the whole population lived in grottoes, caves, tombs, or rock-cut dwellings. The knowledge of their habits takes away somewhat from the "antecedent improbability" of the story. Still, it must be owned that the step from a cave to a vault, from a hillside to a burrow, is a very long one.

The route next lay through Irbid, leaving Abil—"Abila the wine bearing"—on the right, through a country crowded with rock-cut chambers, subterranean works, and ruins, few of which have ever been examined, and none planned, to Umm Keis, the ancient Gadara, at the entrance of which the old Roman road can still be traced; great sarcophagi lie about in every direction, while the ground is honeycombed with tombs. The theatre is still standing in so perfect a state of preservation that "it could be



made ready for use at the expense of a few thousand dollars." Below Gadara, in the valley of the Yarmuk, are the hot-springs of Amatha, with a ruined theatre and other remains, showing that the place was once, what it may possibly again become, a luxurious and well-frequented sanitarium. One can hardly imagine a more delightful winter residence—given, of course, a hotel and other necessities of life—than Amatha. The springs cure every ailment; the climate in winter is perfect, it is close to the Lake of Tiberias; there is fishing in the Yarmuk and the Lake; wild boars and gazelles may be hunted; Gilead is close at hand for an explorer; the cities of the Decapolis await identification; and all around is the most wonderful and beautiful scenery, especially at the "Fountain of the Brides," which is, quite clearly, a small piece cut out of Paradise and left here for the solace of Syria.

We must make short work of the rest of this delightful journey. Mr. Oliphant passed by Birket Mahneh, discovered by Canon Tristram, and identified by him with Mahanaim. It is situated on the lower spurs of the mountains of Gilead, where Laban would probably overtake Jacob. Mizpeh or Galeed—could it have been a dolmen?—should be sought close by this place. It was here, as everybody knows, that Joab fought Absalom, and in one of these glades crossed by "sparkling rivulets where the sunlight glints through the foliage of oak, terebinth, and carob trees," Absalom met his end. In this beautiful country stands the modern town of Ajlun, with its great castle built by Saladin, probably with ancient materials. And near Ajlun is the Wady Yabis, a name which suggests Jabesh Gilead, one of the lost places of Eastern Palestine. Jerash, Es Salt (where is the tomb of the Prophet Hosea, thirty feet long and three feet wide), El Basha, Jajuz, the Kulat Zerka, Amman, and Arak El Emir, were all visited before crossing the Jordan and returning to the better known Western Palestine.

The interest attaching to Eastern Palestine is not confined to its ruins, its topography, and its associations; the reader will find in this book a vast amount of most curious and valuable information on the strange races and religions scattered about the country. There are the Ansariyeh, a mysterious people whose secret religion is perhaps the wildest of the many wild creeds born and fostered on the soil of Syria; they were divided into five tribes, who worship respectively the moon, the stars, the air, and the dawn. All unite, however, in worshipping Ali, son of Abu Taled; they are allied to the Ismailians, or Assassins. There are next the Druses, whose tenets were completely exposed by Silvestro de Sacy forty years ago. There are the Christians, perhaps descendants of the Jefnide Arabs, builders of the Deir Eyub, who take unto themselves more than one wife, but without blame, and even with the blessing of the priest. The Christian women at Ajlun are described as being of the purest Grecian type; their eyes large and lustrous; their nose, mouth, and chin classical; their complexion a light olive. There are the Maronites, who consider themselves under the protection of France, as the Druses are the friends of the English. There are the various Arab tribes—the Beni Sukhr, or Children of the Rock; the Anazeh, who wander over an area of 40,000 square miles; the Roala, who retain the curious custom of the "war cradle," a car composed of ostrich feathers, in which lies the most beautiful of their maidens, borne before them into the fight; the Adwan, and others, all of whom seem to be coerced with ease. There are, lastly, the Circassians, who will probably play an important part in the future of the country. It is greatly to be desired that some linguist would imitate the example of Signor Lanzone, who lived for two years in Cairo among the Arabs, if only to collect traditions and note customs which have remained unchanged since the days of Hagar.

We have said nothing about the "practical" part of the book, Mr. Oliphant's colonization scheme. If this ambitious and attractive proposal comes to anything, books, and many books, therefore reviews, will be written upon it. We have confined our observations to the wanderings, and we have only to add that we thank Mr. Oliphant for making us acquainted with a strangely neglected country, whose charms and capabilities seem to have escaped the notice of all previous travellers. Perhaps some enterprising Company may be formed for building baths and a hotel at Amatha, in which case a winter in Gilead may prove even more attractive than a winter in Algiers; and most certainly this delightful volume, written in Mr. Oliphant's quiet, easy, and cultivated style, will stimulate others to follow in his steps. Next year we hope to read of a magnesium lamp and a measuring tape having been used with profit in Dera, Rahab, and Beloola.

#### QUEEN COPHETUA.\*

MR. FRANCILLON'S powers can hardly be said to be seen at their best in his latest novel. He has before now shown both a remarkable faculty for construction (one of his shorter performances, *A Bad Bargain*, may be specially remembered as deserving in this respect to rank with the work of Gaboriau himself), and he has also shown a striking power of catching and expounding character, and of enlivening his work with humorous scenes which were not dragged in by the head and shoulders to set on a crowd of barren spectators to laugh, but which always

served their purpose in bringing out the peculiarities of the author's personages. Nothing could be better in its way than the scene in *Strange Waters* in which Mr. Francillon showed us a curate reading out *Locksley Hall* to a collection of sewing ladies, one of whom wanted to know who was "the individual Withers," while another explained with superior knowledge that the real meaning of the passage was that "the more a man shrivels up the bigger we all grow." There are signs in *Queen Cophetua* of both the talents to which we have just referred, but they are not so happily combined as we could have hoped. It is, it seems to us, partly in consequence of his becoming too much possessed with the notion of one particular and peculiar character that Mr. Francillon has been led into a novel which, in spite of its merits, is somewhat bewildering and inconsistent. The power of imagining a really new character in fiction must, no doubt, be a singularly fascinating one to its possessor as well as to those for whose benefit he exercises it; but it must also carry with it a certain danger. Such a danger the author appears to us to have run upon in his Gideon Skull, who is really the principal character in *Queen Cophetua*. Gideon Skull has about him a certain touch of "honest Iago"; but he is unlike Iago in that he takes no delight in evil for its own sake. Indeed, he has no reason in the abstract for preferring evil to good; and it is possible, as we learn early in the book, for a man to have known him intimately for a considerable time without ever suspecting that under his bluff cynical manner there lay a determination to get what he wanted and what he thought he ought to have without troubling himself about the means to be employed. Gideon Skull was thrown upon the world at an early age to "fend for himself"; and the result of his so fending was that he came back to the relations who had always regarded him as a rolling-stone of the worst kind with a convincing air of prosperity, and with certain fixed theories as to the world in which he has been rolling which are not unnatural either in themselves or in their results, but which are not explained in either case with complete adequacy by Mr. Francillon. Gideon, when first introduced to us, is described as being

big and broad, with the face of a thoroughbred Englishman; fresh-complexioned, short-featured, brown-bearded, and grey-eyed. And it was better still—it was full of the sort of honesty of which we English plume ourselves on having the lion's share; a rugged, somewhat sullen sort, taking refuge in cynical speech when it is too honest to acquit itself of being touched by sentiment deeper than the outermost skin. The more prominent features were rather broad and blunt—the lion's and not the eagle's; the mouth, though rather large and heavy, was appropriate to the sort of face, and handsomely formed, at least so far as could be seen through a full brown moustache that nearly hid the upper lip and fell naturally into the full brown beard. "I mayn't be a saint; who is? But I hate humbug," the whole face seemed to say for itself; more especially the well-opened out-looking grey eyes—those features which, we are told, are alone incapable of a lie.

Later on we find that Gideon's appearance and manners are completely deceptive. Not that his honesty is entirely an assumption and part of his stock-in-trade for the deception of others. He "did not believe that men are divided into two classes, honest men and rogues, and that roguery is the best policy until it has served its turn. On the contrary, it seemed to Gideon Skull that all men were of one class, and that to talk of roguery and honesty was to make a distinction without a difference." Thus it came about that his cynicism was "by no means the commonplace and stale piece of affectation which it might be imagined." It was simply the expression of his ingrained belief that no human being allowed scruples of any kind to interfere with self-interest, and by his habit of saying openly what he thought, and what, as he was convinced, everybody else thought, he put himself in a false position. On the one hand, knaves were apt to take him for a false cynic who had really a simple and trusting heart which marked him as their obvious prey; on the other, this notion on the knaves' part frequently enabled him to turn the tables upon them; and out of the mutual misconception caused by Gideon's peculiar character came most of the strange events which occur in *Queen Cophetua*.

The passage concerning Gideon's character, of which we have just given a kind of abstract, goes on into more subtle and perhaps less fortunate reflections as to Gideon's relations with Victor Waldron, the young man as whose ally he makes his first appearance. For Victor

he would have done any quantity of the dirtiest work, and said nothing, in order that his friend might be able to shut his eyes and fancy his own hands clean. What he expected, fairly enough, to gain by his services in obtaining Copleston for Victor was no trifle to him, and he firmly believed that it was solely for his own share in the adventure that he had been working; but he would have felt it a real misfortune if Victor and not himself had been compelled, by way of last resource, to tamper with registers or do anything unbecomingly quixotic professions. . . . He had a certain sort of satisfaction in playing at honour by deputy.

The "tampering with registers," as it is here somewhat gently put, is proposed in the first volume by the man who, we learn in the third volume, had never told a direct lie. The two things are not irreconcilable; but, as we have observed, they are not fully or skilfully enough reconciled by Mr. Francillon. The Gideon Skull whom the author seems to have aimed at is depicted well and forcibly enough in the interview with his wife in the latter part of the book, when his complete conviction that he has done no wrong is finely contrasted with her naturally exaggerated view of his wrong-doing; and if the work had been throughout kept up to the level of this scene, it might have given Mr. Francillon a higher rank than he had before attained. Partly from over-elaboration,

\* *Queen Cophetua*. By R. E. Francillon, Author of "Olympia," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

partly from a curious want of consistency, he has failed to do full justice to his really original idea of Gideon's character, and upon the success or failure of this character the book must, from an artistic point of view, depend for its value. Gideon is the moving spirit of the novel—its *deus* or *diabolus ex machina*—and the impression produced upon us, rightly or wrongly, is that to Gideon Mr. Francillon has given more thought and trouble than to any other character. The girl whom he marries is, partly in the same way as Gideon, a curious experiment in character, but is a more completely unsuccessful one.

As to plot, *Queen Cophetua* is promising and disappointing, much as it is in the working out of the principal personage. There are good ideas in the construction of the story, which are insufficiently handled, and there are some which are entirely preposterous. Mrs. Reid's arrangement with Mr. Skull, Gideon's uncle, to keep her husband's will a secret for seven years, is oddly improbable, and adds unfortunate complications to a plan already involved enough. Alan Reid's resuscitation is necessary to gratify the demand for poetic justice, but is absurd enough after the circumstantial accounts of his death furnished by eye-witnesses. That he and Victor Waldron should have met at the "Bats" club and arranged to go over to the siege of Paris together under Gideon's very nose, and without his intervention, is absurdly improbable; and the manner of Gideon's death, which alone could make possible an arrangement of affairs which has to pass for being satisfactory, seems perhaps more absurdly improbable than it is. Mr. Francillon may very likely have chapter and verse to cite for the curious "doses of dying" which Gideon could administer to himself at will; but that is not excuse enough for bringing such an incident into a novel. "I feign probabilities, I record improbabilities," said Mr. Reade in a characteristic preface to one of his works; and the latter course is one which a novelist should be extremely chary of adopting.

*Queen Cophetua* cannot, as we have said, be described as a complete success; but it contains, apart from the interest attaching to Mr. Francillon's struggles with a difficult problem, various amusing scenes, among the best of which are those which pass in the London office of the "Spraggville Argus." Mr. Francillon has evidently studied closely the type of American whose ways, and even whose intonations, he reproduces. "Pahrus" is good, but surely "Amurrican" would be truer than "Amurcan."

#### HALL'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.\*

IT was time that some one should take away from England the reproach of not having yet produced a scientific and independent treatise on international law; a subject in which English citizens and statesmen are at least as deeply interested as those of any other country, and in which there are peculiar objections to receiving the doctrines of foreign writers without a certain amount of caution. This task has now been dealt with in earnest by Mr. Hall, and so well that, with his book in hand, an English lawyer need no longer be afraid to speak in the gate with any of the American or Continental authorities. In a work that covers so much debatable ground much must of necessity be exposed to criticism. In fact, a writer on international law has to be perpetually on the verge of controversy. He must embark on almost endless discussion of a mixed mass of precedents and reasons, in which the exact value of the precedents is seldom known, and the reasons are constantly biased by theoretical assumptions or political interest. No doubt there is a certain amount of settled principle, but the application of it by different States in their conduct and by different writers in their books is so various that what agreement there is appears at times to be illusory. One method much approved among writers on the law of nations is to simplify troublesome questions by assuming that rules are settled when they are not; taking care, of course, to pick out among the conflicting opinions that one which favours the writer's own sentiments, or seems to promise most advantage to his nation. Such is not Mr. Hall's way. Whatever else he does, he is always frank in facing difficulties. He treats international law as a study of real facts, not a scheme to be elaborated by deduction without regard to the actual behaviour of princes and rulers.

At the outset of his book Mr. Hall explains with laudable clearness that he intends to proceed not on transcendental but on empirical principles. His first statement, carefully framed not to prejudge controverted points of speculation, is that "International Law consists in certain rules of conduct which modern civilized States regard as being binding on them in their relations with one another with a force comparable in nature and degree to that binding the conscientious person to obey the laws of his country, and which they also regard as being enforceable by appropriate means in case of infringement." These rules "may be considered to be an imperfect attempt to give effect to an absolute right which is assumed to exist and to be capable of being discovered; or they may be looked upon simply as a reflection of the moral development and the external life of the particular nations which are governed by them." Besides these two views, there is a mixed or intermediate one to the effect that international law is founded on some kind of absolute right, but the evidence of what is right must be sought

in positive law and usage. "In the following work," adds Mr. Hall, "the second view is assumed to be correct." The reasons given for it are, in our opinion, conclusive. Their general tenor is, or ought to be, not unfamiliar to every one who has studied in the English school of jurisprudence; but we doubt if they have ever been so clearly and completely stated. They are reinforced, moreover, by an interesting Appendix "On the Formation of the Conception of International Law," which is a good concise introduction to the history of the subject. Among these preliminary topics Mr. Hall is especially instructive on the value of treaties as evidence of what the law of nations is. It is supposed by some writers that treaties form a sort of international case-law; but, as Mr. Hall truly points out, even if they profess to declare existing law, the declaration can bind only the parties who make it. A competent number of such declarations to the same effect might conceivably establish a consensus of great weight; but, again, "it cannot be admitted that the greater number of treaties do in fact express in a peculiarly solemn manner, or indeed at all, the views of the contracting parties as to what is or ought to be international law." The chief value that treaties possess is really historical, "as marking points in the movement of thought." If we find at a given time a particular new practice or modification of old practice occurring as matter of express convention in several treaties, and if afterwards these treaty stipulations "are found to become nearly universal for a while, and then to dwindle away, leaving a practice more or less confirmed," this is good evidence that something which was introduced by way of special agreement has passed into the common usage of nations, and is no longer thought to need the protection of express treaty rights. And as to usage Mr. Hall justly points out that the usage of all nations is not of equal value in all things; for instance, "it would at the present day be absurd to declare a maritime usage to be legally fixed in a sense opposed to the continued assertion of both Great Britain and the United States."

The only point on which we could wish for a fuller exposition is the nature of the sanctions, or quasi-sanctions, of international law. This law consists to a great extent, as we may see by opening Mr. Hall's book almost anywhere, of statements about what an independent nation *may* or *may not* do. What is the real meaning of this language? By writers who are content to take refuge in the principles of absolute right the question is of course neglected. To those who, like Mr. Hall, prefer to stand on the more solid, if more humble, ground of fact and experience, it should be of considerable importance. Most persons would say that the sanction by which the law of nations is enforced is war; in which may be included for this purpose isolated acts of force, reprisals, so-called pacific blockades, and the like, which are acts of war if the State against whom they are employed thinks fit to treat them as such. And the reflection is now a trite one that international law differs from laws proper in that the parties are judges in their own cause. Every Government must decide for itself whether the conduct of another independent Government is such as to make war necessary or comparatively desirable. Yet the books undertake to tell us in some detail that certain causes of war are just and certain others are unjust; not, indeed, without a quiet, but sufficiently clear, indication from Mr. Hall of the amount of wool that the utmost ingenuity and enterprise of pig-shearers may be expected to produce in this kind. How can we speak of a war as legally unjust when there is no penalty save the risks of the war itself, which may turn out, for anything that can be pronounced beforehand, to the unjust combatant's advantage? If a majority of the great Powers were ready and willing to act habitually in concert for the purpose of restraining aggressions or provocations generally deemed unjust, that would be an effective sanction indeed. But we are yet far from this state of things. Mr. Kinglake has endeavoured, at the beginning of his *History of the Crimean War*, to show that an inchoate usage in this direction exists. We should be only too glad to believe that such is the case. But the usage described by Mr. Kinglake, if it does exist, is still unrecognized and undefined. It belongs to something which is to international law what morality is to laws proper. Again, belligerents are bound to respect the rights of neutrals; and these rights may be said in a true and intelligible sense to be sanctioned by war. For a belligerent who interferes beyond measure with a neutral's rights or interests exposes himself to having two enemies to do with instead of one—a danger which not even the strongest Power will care lightly to encounter. To this it is to be added that the interest of any one neutral is, in most cases, the interest of all, so that the remoter but not insensible risk of an overwhelming coalition is present to keep the belligerents within bounds. But likewise there are laws of war conceived by publicists and statesmen to be binding on the belligerents as between themselves. Modern warfare is a state of "regulated violence," as Mr. Hall names it. And here we are not dealing with speculations in the air. There is no doubt that the violence of war has in fact been regulated and moderated to an extent that seemed impracticable in the time of Grotius. Whence comes the force of the regulation? The sanction of war is exhausted, for these rules become effective only when and so far as a state of war already exists. It may be said that the fear of retaliation or reprisals is a sanction. Where this comes into play, however, that which is for the time sanctioned is apt to be the stronger party's interpretation of the laws of war in his own favour, as was seen in the German invasion of France ten years ago. Moreover, reprisals and retaliation are

\* *International Law*. By William Edward Hall, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.



available only to a limited extent, being, according to modern notions, too odious to be carried to extremities. In fact, the grosser an offence is, the less is it capable of being punished in kind. Here, then, formal and tangible sanctions desert us. The "temperaments" of modern warfare, to use Grotius's term, rest in truth on an appeal to the common morality and humanity of civilized nations, which belligerents are presumed still to share, and, in fact, still do share to a great extent, even in the midst of active hostilities. It is consonant to the feelings of civilized Governments, and in the long run to their interests, to observe towards one another in war some such rules as an enlightened neutral might wish to be observed for the sake of diminishing suffering and ill-will to the greatest extent compatible with the objects of war being attained. In other words, the sanction imposing on belligerents a certain observance of honour, humanity, and private rights, is at bottom the general opinion of civilized people. This is practically recognized by the manner in which belligerent Powers are accustomed to record their complaints of alleged infractions of the laws and usages of war. Such complaints can but seldom have the force of a specific threat; their object is to procure redress from the adversary's own sense of what is right, or, in default of this, to shame him into it by publicity. Should we not, then, regard public opinion as the final sanction of international law in every case; a sanction with physical force behind it, no doubt, in one or another shape, but a force latent and undefined, and to be called into action only in an extreme case? This would bring out more clearly than the common view does the analogy between international law as governing the relations of States and the rules of morality as governing those of individuals. Or a better parallel, perhaps, may be found in the customary rules of a patriarchal tribe, which are enforced by no specially organized authority, and in which morality and law are still undistinguished. The view here suggested is really implied in the statement made by various writers from Suarez downwards, though perhaps with full distinctness by none before Austin, that the fear of provoking general hostility—not only that of the State particularly offended—is the ultimate compulsory motive for obedience to international rules. It seems to be a further consequence that war is analogous, not to the legal remedy of suing in a court of justice, but to the "self-help," more or less regulated by custom, which has a considerable place in archaic legal systems, and of which surviving rudiments, reduced to a subordinate rank and fettered by new safeguards, may be found in the most polished ones. To pursue the comparison one step further, some guide for speculation as to the possible development and strengthening of international law may be found in the historical circumstances of partly civilized communities. Probably in early Roman history, certainly in the middle ages, and notably in the Icelandic society described in the Sagas, private war went on for a considerable time side by side with legal redress before the supremacy of the law was finally made good.

It is time to return from our digression to Mr. Hall's work. One of his greatest merits is lucid arrangement. He begins with a First Part of "General Principles," corresponding pretty much to the *Allgemeiner Theil* of systematic German writers, and giving a comprehensive view of the subject and its different branches. Then he takes up the divisions in detail. Under the head of "The law governing States in their normal relations," the rights and duties of sovereign States in time of peace are set forth. Here we have the doctrines of territorial dominion, sovereignty, the so-called "exterritoriality" of public vessels, extra-territorial jurisdiction, diplomatic agents, and treaties. Exterritoriality, by the way, is treated by Mr. Hall as a fiction needlessly introduced to explain anomalous immunities which are really to be accounted for on special grounds of necessity or convenience. The third part deals with "the law governing States in the relation of war," which includes, besides what are known as the laws of war, the rights of capture and levying contributions, the position of a military occupant, and the rules which determine the "enemy character" of property. The relations of neutral States to the belligerents are kept apart under the title of "the law governing States in the relation of neutrality," where, among other questions, the rules of contraband, blockade, and maritime visit and capture are discussed. Mr. Hall's division of the subject is, we believe, new, though its convenience makes it seem obvious when once exhibited. His treatment of the matter in detail is, with few if any exceptions, as good as his method. He is careful to preserve the distinction between theory and usage, and among usages to distinguish those which are established from such as are still uncertain or in process of formation; for instance, the growing practice of restraining belligerents as much as possible from bringing their prizes into neutral harbours. In two or three places which we had noted for criticism our doubt or objection has been removed by subsequent explanations or additions; and this perhaps is not a bad test of the general thoroughness of the work. The chapter on treaties might be improved by giving more attention to their operation in actually transferring dominion where the cession of territory enters into them. When such a treaty is executed the parties are bound to its results not so much by the specific obligation of the treaty itself as by the general duty of nations to respect one another's territorial sovereignty. The analogous case in municipal law is that of a conveyance, not of a pure contract. Some of the language still commonly used implies a confusion which Mr. Hall might well have given a paragraph or two to clearing away. Treaties of this kind have been distinguished by some publicists from properly contractual treaties under the unhappily chosen

name of "transitory conventions," and their effect has been still more unhappily expressed by the maxim that "transitory conventions are by the nature of the case perpetual." This is at best an extremely clumsy way of saying that the result is to create not an obligation but ownership. Proceeding from writers versed in Roman law, it is really past excuse. When a sale is complete the seller is bound to respect for an indefinite time the right of ownership acquired by the buyer, and it makes no difference if a lawsuit arises between them about some other matter; but we do not say that the contract of sale is perpetual. On the question of "pacific blockade" Mr. Hall treats the authority of modern usage (six cases within twenty years) in a rather off-hand way. We quite agree with him, however, that on principle it must be an act of war or nothing. Finally, we may point to Mr. Hall's not infrequent criticism of the Continental writers as full of excellent and profitable instruction.

#### TALBOT'S GREECE AND THE GREEKS.\*

WE trust that "The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, Premier of England; author of 'Homer' (a work of rare merit)," &c. &c., to whom "this work is inscribed with profound sentiments of esteem and admiration by the author," is satisfied with the list of his manifold accomplishments set forth in the dedication. In his political career Mr. Gladstone has brought upon himself many well-meant, though embarrassing, tributes from his admirers; but as a scholar he has, so far as we know, done nothing to deserve that this tedious volume of incoherent and inaccurate remarks upon Greek manners and customs should be laid at his feet. Anything less scholarly than the present work it would be difficult to conceive. Mr. Talbot's short but numerous chapters read like the essays of a dull boy, with a bad memory and the haziest notions of English composition, who has spent a month or so in trying, without any previous knowledge, to learn by heart the *Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities* edited by Dr. Smith, and has reproduced the learning thus acquired after the fashion which might be expected in such circumstances. The various branches of his subject are treated by the author in no particular order, and on no particular plan. His astonishing and comprehensive ignorance of details is well matched by the fatuous character of his deductions, comparisons, and generalizations; while his constant blunders in the Greek and Latin languages are thoroughly consistent with his frequent inability to express himself in his own.

This may seem to be a somewhat sweeping condemnation; but a slight examination of the book will make its justice sufficiently apparent. Mr. Talbot begins his account of Athens by giving a list of the various names by which Attica was known at different periods of her history. He informs us that the country was called "Posodonia from Neptune, and Minerva from Pallas; these being names appropriated to these imaginary deities respectively." We do not suppose that Mr. Talbot really means to tell us that Minerva was a name of Attica, but prefer to regard that part of the statement as an example of his very common habit of saying exactly the opposite of what he wishes to say. It may here be mentioned that among Mr. Talbot's delusions is the belief that the Greeks worshipped the gods of Rome. He gives a list of these gods—Saturn, Jupiter, Juno, and so on—and tells us that "Jupiter was the one who was regarded with the highest degree of reverence by the Athenians." He is apparently unacquainted with Pallas Athene, the eponymous deity of the city. On the topography of Athens Mr. Talbot is particularly amusing. The position of Greece is "somewhat central" with regard to the Old World. "In the midst of Greece stands Attica, nearly the centre of which is occupied by Athens." We have hitherto been under the impression that Athens was only four miles from the coast; but Mr. Talbot is evidently of a different opinion. In the centre of Athens, again, stood the Acropolis, a "tower or citadel." Upon the top of this tower stood crescents or semi-lunar representations, richly-gilt, according to the custom of the Ishmaelites, who paid especial reverence to the moon. What the Ishmaelites have to do with Athens, and how far gilding may be taken as a work of especial reverence, seem as difficult to discover as the authority from which this description is derived. Athens was connected with Piræus—which Mr. Talbot always writes Pyraus—by walls. "In those walls there were, of course, several gates," one of which, the Acharnian, "is supposed to have been so called from the town of Acharna (*sic*), towards which it looked. For it may be observed," adds Mr. Talbot, with much acuteness, "that the ancients named their gates from the towns or remarkable places near or opposite to them." We can assure Mr. Talbot that a similar curious custom obtains among moderns. The Edgware Road is so called because it leads to Edgware, and Charing Cross Station derives its name from its proximity to Charing Cross.

We may now leave the town of Athens and pass on to its inhabitants, who seem to have been rather curious people. They were "divided into two classes, a distinction based, not upon property or calling, but upon character and morals. They were thus called *Athenaiotai* and *Attikotai*, the former being a designation of

\* *Greece and the Greeks; or, a Historic Sketch of Attic Life and Manners.* By the Hon. Thomas Talbot. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

honour, and the latter of opprobrium." Mr. Talbot, everingenious and happy in his conjectures, takes it "that this distinction was somewhat analogous to that which we of the present day make between the virtuous and the immoral, the honest and the knavish, in short"—according to Mr. Micawber's formula—"between good and bad citizens." We further learn that the *Attikoi* were themselves divided into three classes—the babblers, the *ὑποδοί*, or deceitful persons, and the *Sukophantodais* (why not *συκοφάνταις*, or Sukophanteis, if Mr. Talbot wishes to write this particular word in English characters?) At this point a painful idea will strike the reader that perhaps, if Mr. Talbot had lived in the society which he thus strangely describes, some unappreciative official might have classed him among those who were *περίεργοι* *ῥαῖς λαλαῖς*, superfluous babblers. In treating of "other divisions of the Athenians into classes," Mr. Talbot mentions the "*geomoroi*, or landed proprietors, who were somewhat analogous to what are called yeomen in England; but they were the proprietors of the soil which they cultivated." Yeomen, then, do not own the soil which they cultivate. Mr. Talbot completes his account of this classification by calling the handicraftsmen *Demigourai*. Passing on to Solon's classification, we may mention that the *Pentacosiomedimnoi* were not "those who were the possessors of 500 measures of dry, and the same of wet goods," but those whose landed property yielded an annual income of 500 measures in all. Members of the second class were entitled *Hippeis*, not *Equites*, and of the third *Zeugetai*, not *Zeugetes*.

We have by no means exhausted the stock of blunders occurring in these few pages, but it is time to pass on to other parts of the book. Perhaps the most astonishing mistakes in the whole book occur in the chapters on the Law Courts. Mr. Talbot begins by saying that the judges were selected from the Council of Six Hundred, but that those only were eligible who were over sixty years of age. Five, he says, were selected from each tribe, making fifty in all. Of what he was thinking when he wrote this it is difficult to conceive; but surely even Mr. Talbot cannot really require to be told that all free citizens of Athens above thirty years of age were eligible as judges, and that of these 600 from each tribe, 6,000 in all, were annually chosen by lot for the service of the year. The method of procedure in the law courts, as explained by Mr. Talbot, was very curious:—

The complainant put three questions to the accused: first, as to whether he was guilty or not guilty? Second (supposing the answer to the first question to be in the negative), for what reason he had committed the crime? and, third, who were his accomplices?

How the second and third questions could be asked if the first were answered in the negative is not very clear, nor is the following statement:—

In trials for capital offences two sentences or judgments were delivered: first, as to the guilt or innocence of the party; and second, in the case of guilt, as to the punishment to be awarded. But if the first sentence happened to be one of acquittal, the party acquitted was permitted to fine himself; which, if not done adequately, or to the satisfaction of the Court, the judges themselves made an addition to the penalty.

In criticizing any of Mr. Talbot's statements, the first, and often the most difficult, task to be accomplished is to find out what he means. In the present case this is simple enough. We have only to write "conviction" and "convicted" for "acquittal" and "acquitted" in the passage just quoted, and we arrive at what may be charitably presumed to be his meaning. Mr. Talbot is quite ignorant of the distinction between *τυπτοί* and *ἀτίμτοι* *δύωτες*—cases in which the penalty was to be assessed by the judges, and those in which it was fixed by law. In those cases in which the penalty was to be assessed, the plaintiff mentioned the punishment which he considered just, and the defendant, if found guilty, made another assessment. The judges adopted whichever of the two seemed to them to meet the justice of the case. They had not the power to fix a penalty intermediate between the two assessments, as Mr. Talbot seems to suppose. It was this inability on their part which in all probability led to the execution of Socrates. He was found guilty by the rather small majority of 60 votes (not 280, as Mr. Talbot absurdly states, which would be the total number of those who voted against him). His opponent had named death as the fit punishment for his offence, and Socrates could not be induced to suggest any alternative penalty beyond an insignificant fine. The consequence was that the judges, irritated by what they held to be mere levity, passed the sentence of death by a majority larger than that which had convicted him. It may perhaps seem superfluous to state facts so well known as these, but no fact is too notorious, no knowledge too elementary, for this author to blunder over.

We may now turn to Mr. Talbot's efforts in the department of etymology. Here he fluctuates between the wildest flights of imagination and the most timid suggestions of obvious facts. He derives *δάρπαξ* from *τὸ δεινόν*, on the ground that the breastplate was used to protect the divine part, or heart. The *κίρρυκες*, or heralds, "derived their name from *κρείττονος*, which signifies better, because they selected the more tender or better part of the victim for their own use." In the exclamation *Io Pean*, *Io* "is an abbreviation, by the Greeks, of the word *Jehova*; and *Pean* is derived from the Hebrew word *Pehoh*, which signifies to look, so that the words *Io Pean* signify *Lord look* (upon us)." Mr. Talbot here mentions "a curious and remarkable circumstance, that there was a certain tribe or people of the West Indies who, according to the account of Sir Francis Drake, used when fighting to dance, leap, and sing *Yo Pehoh*." It is an equally curious and remarkable circumstance that Mr. Talbot does not absolutely insist upon any connexion between

the Greeks and West Indians on the ground of this remarkable coincidence. He firmly believes in some very close relationship between Greece and Ireland, because in both countries the inhabitants attached importance to dreams, and occasionally carried water on their heads. After such bold derivations as these, given apparently without the slightest doubt of their absolute certainty, it is a little disappointing to find Mr. Talbot suggesting, with the utmost timidity, that possibly our word parasite may come from the Greek *παράσιτος*. One more exquisite derivation must be mentioned—that of the Latin word *ara*, altar, from *aro*, to plough, "because it was ploughed or scooped out in the earth." Of course the word really means, on the contrary, something elevated, and its older form was *asa*, which is connected with the Sanscrit *ás* and the Latin *sedere*. In translation Mr. Talbot is equally happy. He renders *ὡραῖος γάμος* by "the beautiful bride," instead of "seasonable marriage." *Τυφλὲ Πλούτῳ* he translates "O blind Pluto," and is apparently under the impression that Pluto was the Greek God of Wealth. He incidentally quotes the exclamation of Iulus in the *Æneid*, "*Mensas etiam consumimus*," and translates it "We have consumed the meal," in equal ignorance of the ordinary meaning of the word *mensa*, the tense of the verb *consumimus*, and the whole story of the prophecy and its fulfilment. In the matter of misquotation the printer is always a convenient scapegoat; but, where mistakes of all kinds abound, some share of the blame may fairly be laid upon the author; and Mr. Talbot cannot quote a line of Ovid without making two hideous grammatical mistakes:—

Ossa tamen facito parvo (sic) referuntur (sic) in urna.

It is no exaggeration to say that Greek and Latin names and words generally are oftener spelt incorrectly than correctly. Delphi is invariably written Delphos, possibly from some confusion in Mr. Talbot's mind of Delphi with Delos. The *Πεδεῖς* and *Ἀργαδεῖς* are called respectively Pedice and Ergades; for *φρίγερρον* we find phrogeteon, for *θηρηκεία*, *θηρηκία*, while *ἀναθήματα δαίτης* is written *ἀναθήματα δαίτης*. Among blunders of various kinds may be mentioned the attribution of the tragedy of Medea to Aristophanes; the statement that Pericles originated the custom of pronouncing funeral orations; and the constant assumption that the Greeks were in the habit of talking Latin. Thus we are told that when a host received his guest they "pledged their faith to each other, and 'confirmabant quod unus non deciperet alium,' which is not merely Latin, but very bad Latin to boot. *Non lucet* is given, instead of *non liquet*, as the Latin equivalent of the Scotch verdict *not proven*. In the use and invention of English words Mr. Talbot is not always fortunate. He talks of "tri-monthly meetings" when he means three meetings in a month; and, by a delightful mingling of sanitary with romantic subjects, calls love charms philtrations.

But we have not space to follow Mr. Talbot any further in his incoherent ramblings. Nothing but rather lengthy quotations could give any idea of the peculiar characteristics of his style, and the astonishing imbecility of his arguments. If he wishes to realize the enormity of what we believe to be his first literary offence, he may do so by comparing his present work with Mr. Mahaffy's delightful sketch of *Social Life in Greece*.

## TWO FOREIGN NOVELS.\*

THE taste for foreign novels is by no means so decided with us as it is with some of our Continental neighbours. In Russia and Scandinavia the appetite for English and French romance grows with what it feeds on, and it is no exaggeration to say that a voracious reader in the North of Europe is only six months or so behind a Londoner or a Parisian in his knowledge of ephemeral fiction. But the practice of publishing novels in the *feuilletons* of newspapers, a practice which brings certain chapters of romance under the public notice every day, has never found favour in England, and we show very little inclination to avail ourselves of the laxities of copyright law. There is, moreover, a widely spread impression that England is the home of the novel, and that we possess in our own language the best fiction in the world. As far as current fiction goes, the boast has long since become an empty one. With all the faults of the French novelists, faults which belong to a social condition other than our own, and which banish from general study some of the masterpieces of literature, it cannot be denied that they understand the art of constructing a story, and particularly a short story, far better than we do. The fourth-rate French novel, a book without any real insight, originality, or charm, has nevertheless a superficial gift of style, an external semblance of good workmanship, which gives it a great advantage over the productions of our own lesser writers. The Russians, moreover, in the persons of Tourgenief and Tolstoi possess two novelists whom insular vanity alone can pronounce to be below the highest English standard. If, however, we pass from Russia and France, it must be confessed that there is a good deal of truth in the supposition that it is not necessary for English novel-readers to cross the Channel. Germany has produced many writers of romance in the present generation, and certain uneducated tastes are gratified, each in its own order, by the idiosyncrasies of Auerbach, and Paul Heyse, and Sacher-Masoch.

\* *Quisiana*. From the German of Friedrich Spielhagen. By H. E. Goldschmidt. Nimmo & Bain.

*The Count of Tulavera*. From the Dutch of J. van Lennep. By A. Arnold. Nimmo & Bain.



Each of these novelists has an extraordinary personality, a strong flavour of the soil; it may even be questioned whether curiosity and the love of a new sensation have not as much to do with their success as their own undoubted merits. In Norwegian literature a native genius kindred to that of Auerbach, but enshrined in a finer style, has given a European reputation to the name of Björnson. In Holland the Batavian humour has found excellent expression in Beets and in Mme. Bosboom-Toussaint. But these swallows are very far from making a Teutonic summer.

In *Quisisana* we have a good example of the second-rate German novel of our own day. The talent of Spielhagen, a talent which depends for its effects upon a startling combination of satire with pathos, has been greatly exaggerated. His habit of wandering away from the plot, of introducing long episodes, of staggering, as it were, under the load of his own creation, leads to results of which a German audience is less impatient than an English one, but which betray a laborious and unskilful hand. Those who admire Spielhagen most, however, admit that in *Quisisana* he has escaped, more than in any other novel, the peculiar pitfalls of his style; and it is therefore a particularly favourable sample of his work. It is too clever to be exactly tedious, and yet we feel throughout that the plot wants life; it would move and sparkle in the hands of a born story-teller, it hangs lifeless in those of Spielhagen. Yet, as we have said, the book is too clever, it presents too much intellectual ability, to be unreadable. The problem on which the story turns is one which is never raised in English society. Bertram, the hero, is in love with his niece Erna; and the main thread of the story hangs on his doubt whether or not he ought to yield to her indubitable preference for him and marry her. It is true that, by an awkward transition in the story, the heroine transfers her affections, without warning, to an agreeable young gentleman of her own age; but the stern ethical conscience of the reader is no more pacified than it is by the accident that always restores the wife intact to the arms of her spouse in the fifth act of an Elizabethan comedy.

The scene of *Quisisana* is to some degree an entertaining one. Of the little wayside inn which gives its name to the book, "a fair white hostelry, embowered in roses," among the orange-groves of Capri, we hear very little indeed. The principal part of the story is carried on at a German village, called Rinstedt, within the jurisdiction of one of the Thuringian Grand-duchies, the Court of which throws a certain halo over the society. Bertram, a rich old bachelor, over whose early love affairs a curtain has been drawn, only to be constantly plucked aside by affectionate curiosity, is staying during a slow convalescence with his sister, Frau Berner, who is the wife of the wealthy potentate of the district. The only law that Bertram has laid upon his family is that he should never be brought face to face with his cousin Fräulein Lydia von Aschhof, the cause of that mysterious curtain of which we have spoken. Lydia is voluble enough in giving her account of the situation; she was cruelly jilted by Bertram twenty years ago; but the family impression is that it was really she who, in a caprice of unsuccessful ambition, threw him off, and was never able to get hold of him again. Lydia has made Frau Berner her confidante, and, taking advantage of Bertram's feeble state, has contrived to be invited to the house during his visit. Bertram, finding accidentally that his direct request has been disregarded for the first time since the original jilting, determines, ill as he is, to leave the house before Lydia arrives, and the first chapters are occupied with his amusing and yet almost tragical adventures in so doing. His niece Erna it is who brings him back, and who persuades him to receive Fräulein Lydia with fortitude. As he stands alone in the reception-room, Lydia, who is a consummate actress, darts in at the window and throws herself at his feet. The only result is that the poor old bachelor has an attack of palpitation of the heart, and the artful Lydia has to retire crest-fallen. She has indeed become a dreadful object, with rouge on her cheeks, a shrill, rattling laugh, false teeth, and a distressing expanse of throat and shoulder. This noisy coquette simply disgusts him, and she soon sees that she has no chance of recovering his affections. From this moment war is secretly declared between Lydia and Erna. The jealousy of the old maid gives her an unwonted perspicacity, and she perceives the growing tension of manner which is the only outward sign of the mutual affection of uncle and niece. Determined to secure Bertram in spite of himself, she persuades Frau Berner to make a match between Erna and the Baron von Lotter-Vippach, a young man of doubtful antecedents, who is supposed to have great influence at the Grand Ducal Court, and to secure Bertram by making him at once a cat's-paw and a confidant. With rueful feelings the old uncle receives his sister's confidences, and promises to discover whether Erna is or is not in love with the Baron, for more than this he refuses to do. At this point the plot becomes beautifully tangled. Herr Berner proves to be secretly bankrupt; Erna leaves a letter lying about in which she confesses her love for Bertram; this letter falls into the nimble fingers of Lydia, whom it drives to desperation; and, in the midst of all this stress of intrigue, there arrives a Princess Alexandra Volinsov, a *deus ex machina* introduced for the purpose of exposing the too-brilliant Baron von Lotter-Vippach. The story proceeds in this dazzling way, providing innumerable surprises, which are not quite ingenious enough to take away the breath of any experienced reader, and we reach the close of the book with the feeling that we have been observing the habits of a group of thoroughly disagreeable people, not one of whom, not even the heroine, constrains our respect or liking. The drama has been

very brisk and very bustling, but it was not like real life, even real stage-life, and we see the clever marionettes put away into their box without the least regret. We cannot but think that imaginative literature must have reached a low ebb in Germany when a story like *Quisisana* can be quoted as the best book of one of the leading writers of the day.

The other volume on our list is translated from the Dutch of J. van Lennep, and under the new name of *The Count of Talavera* conceals an old friend, *Ferdinand Huyck*, which, unless we are very much mistaken, has already been presented to the English public more than once. Van Lennep belongs to a bygone generation, while Spielhagen represents the movement and fashion of our own age. But, notwithstanding this advantage, we still greatly prefer the work of the Dutch novelist. The influence of Sir Walter Scott, exercised as it was in almost all countries of Europe, found its principal Dutch exponent in a writer whose industry and multifarious accomplishments were almost worthy of the name of his master. Van Lennep would hold, in a comparative criticism of European romance, a place about midway between Alexandre Dumas père and the late Lord Lytton. He is like them both in the harlequin swiftness and variety of his intrigue; he has more of the manliness of Dumas than of the false "goodness" of Lytton, but he approaches the latter in his tendency to abstract digression. All three have the same fondness for mysterious concealments, Quixotic gallantries, and the pomp of more or less fictitious antiquarianism. When Dumas once intruded on the very field of Van Lennep in writing *La Tulipe Noire*, he showed himself by far the greater master of the two; but Van Lennep is by no means contemptible in his powers of riveting and delighting a romantic fancy. *Ferdinand Huyck*, or, as Mr. A. Arnold, who has very creditably translated it, prefers to call it, *The Count of Talavera*, begins with great art. The hero, a stalwart and chivalric but too-confiding youth, who has just returned from the grand tour to his native Holland, suddenly finds himself challenged to fight, at a village hostel, by a mysterious bandit, and is rescued by a still more mysterious pedlar, but not until he himself has accidentally saved the life of a tall dark stranger, wrapped in a blood-red mantle. All this happens in the first ten pages, being told in a manner that has nothing melodramatic in it, and being set in a very curious picture of Dutch rural life in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Of course the bandit and the pedlar and the blood-red stranger are all persons of infinitely dark and cryptic purposes, and all of them inextricably involved in the fortunes of the confiding hero. A page or two further on we are introduced to the heroine in high life, to the bad hero, and to the heroine in low life, all in clever and original scenes, whose only fault is that they traverse the stage with a too bewildering rapidity. Almost any ten pages of *The Count of Talavera* supply as much plot as the whole of a novel by one of our clever analytical novelists, let us say Mr. Henry James. We walk, in fact, in an atmosphere of romance, and we cannot retire to our chamber to read a chapter in quietude, but we are sure within half-an-hour to witness the escape of a political prisoner down the study chimney. This sort of thing, of course, may easily be overdone, and was utterly overdone by the ordinary writers of the last generation; but it must be confessed that this brisk manner of invention is very engaging in the hands of a master like Van Lennep or Dumas.

#### SIBERIA IN EUROPE.\*

EVEN if the text of Mr. Seebohm's interesting volume had been as forbidding as the bleak Siberian tundras where he went on his fowling and bird-nesting expeditions, the illustrations must still have sufficed to recommend it. A more delightful series of wood-engravings we seldom remember to have seen than those that form the headings to the different chapters. For the most part, too, those engravings are the keys to his subjects, and they are infinitely more suggestive than the far-fetched extracts from poems or plays which are pressed into doing similar duty in novels. Wherever we may open the pages, we can hardly go far wrong, although of course we have found our special favourites. For example, there is "The Lighthouse at Heligoland on a Migration Night," where the light-beams are streaming out upon the blackness of the night, and on myriads of birds attracted to the glare, like mosquitoes swarming round a lantern on one of the rivers of Siberia. There is another picture of "the flooded banks" of one of those Siberian rivers, where the melted snows have been overflowing the landscape and turning the bluffs on the densely wooded banks into islands. Again, there are "the banks of the Zylma," with the aquatic fowl clustering almost as thickly as the nocturnal migrants round the Heligoland lights; while for sport we have "shooting wild geese" from an ambush on the banks of a stream, in what looks like the breaking dawn, or possibly the fading twilight. Perhaps even more fascinating to many people will be the little "bits" of still animal life—the willow grouse roosting *en famille* on the boughs, or the nests of the grey plover and the little stint with the eggs and the young. We repeat that one may get an excellent idea of the contents of the volume by the mere study of drawings which are photographic in their

\* *Siberia in Europe: a Visit to the Valley of the Petchora, in North-East Russia; with Descriptions of the Natural History, Migration of Birds, &c.* By Henry Seebohm. London: John Murray. 1880.

realism, and which will bear examining again and again. But the book itself is most interesting reading, though naturally there are parts of it which chiefly recommend themselves to the practical ornithologist. Mr. Seebohm, with his companion, Mr. Harvie-Brown, went through a variety of adventures in the pursuit of ornithological science, and had to endure a succession of hardships which nothing but enthusiasm could have sweetened to them. Neither of the gentlemen was altogether inexperienced in Northern travel. Mr. Harvie-Brown, on a former excursion, had pushed his researches as far as Archangel; and Mr. Seebohm himself, in his quality of naturalist, had paid a summer visit to Northern Scandinavia. A comparison of the results of their respective observations had led to the conclusion that "another ten degrees east would bring us to the breeding-grounds of many species new to North Europe"; and, moreover, there were sundry questions whose solution has for many years been the ambition of field-naturalists. The breeding-places of certain of our familiar British visitors were still undiscovered, notably of the grey plover, the little stint, the sanderling, the curlew, the sandpiper, the knot, and Bewick's swan. Messrs. Seebohm and Brown decided accordingly upon a visit to the Petchora river, which at that time they believed to be virgin ground ornithologically, and which proved really to be so, as far as published reports were concerned. As may be presumed, the Petchora, which runs its course through European Siberia, is sufficiently inaccessible. Where there are no roads, and where there is next to no traffic, a score or two of leagues more or less is of little consequence in a calculation; and the distance of the river from Archangel eastwards is estimated roughly at from 700 to 800 miles. They travelled, of course, in sledges, as they had previously done from the railway station of Wlogda north-eastwards to Archangel, and they started about the second week in April. They had little time to spare, as a fortnight later the rising temperature made the snow impassable, when "for two months the valley of the Petchora was as effectually cut off from all communication with civilized Europe as if it had been in the moon." As it was, the journey was infinitely more tedious than it need have been had they set out a week or two earlier. The horses and the runners of the sledges sank deeply in the softening snow; and where the snow was caking again with the frost, the projecting spars acted as drags, when they buried themselves in the hardening banks. The forest scenery was picturesque, but the birds they had come in search of were scarce. These were principally hooded crows, ravens, jackdaws, and magpies, with a few sparrows, and an occasional flock of snow buntings. And, as may be supposed, the travellers were glad enough to arrive at their destination in the little town of Ust-Zylma, situated at the junction of the Zylma with the Petchora.

More uninviting quarters for a protracted sojourn than Ust-Zylma can hardly be conceived, in the prospect of the coming thaw and the consequent floods. The streets and the enclosures round the houses were buried deeply in frozen liquid manure, in quantities sufficient to breed a pestilence. Thanks, however, to the beneficent arrangements of nature, the greater part of that congelated filth would be washed away with the rush of the spring freshets. Lodgings were cheap, for the travellers had two excellent rooms in the best of the houses at two roubles a month; and, thanks to their good letters of introduction, officials and residents were friendly and hospitable. No doubt it was a drawback to social enjoyment that hosts and guests had no common medium of communication, since the former spoke no language but their native Russian; while the Polish gentleman whom Mr. Seebohm and his companion had engaged, among his other capacities, as their interpreter, recklessly paraphrased the Russian sentences in translation, rendering them, moreover, in most execrable French. Fortunately, they made friends with the German captain of a steamer belonging to a timber company and plying in the Petchora, and on board his boat they made sundry trips to bird-hunting districts which might otherwise have been inaccessible.

The first excursions were unsatisfactory. Resident birds were almost as scarce in the neighbourhood of the village as they had been in the pine forests; and the migrants had not begun to arrive. Neither had the summer made its appearance, somewhat to their surprise after the heightened temperature which had delayed them on their journey. Accordingly, pending more serious business, they laid themselves out for information as to the Samoyedes, who occupied some encampments in the environs of the town, and of whose habits we have a curious and interesting account. At last the summer burst upon them at the beginning of May, and one morning they witnessed a most impressive spectacle. Seeing general excitement in the village, they hurried to the doors, when they saw "their road in movement," and going at the rate of two or three miles an hour. The stream of the Ust-Zylma, along which they had been sledging so lately, had broken up for the season. Consequently in their boating expeditions down the Petchora they had to contend with the floods which swamped the country far and near, turning the hilly shores into archipelagos of wooded islands. Once or twice they had narrow escapes when they had to drag their boat across the stretches of breaking ice previously to launching it upon the opposite side. Mr. Seebohm describes the woodland scenery as appearing the more beautiful to them in contrast with the barren desolation of the tundras:—

Under foot spread a carpet of soft green moss and lichens, the thick moss predominating in the older and thicker part of the forest, while the reindeer moss and the many-coloured lichens abounded in the younger and

more open woods. Stray shrubs of arbutus and rhododendron, bushes of bilberry, crowberry, cranberry, the fruit of which was preserved by seven months' frost, clumps of carices and other vegetation decked the shady aisles. The monotony of the great pine forest was varied by the delicate hues of willow and alder thickets, by plantations of young pines and firs, by clumps of tall spruce and haggard old larches, while here and there a fine birch spread abroad its glossy foliage, or a gaunt Scotch fir extended wide its copper-coloured arms.

Meanwhile, in these woods, although chiefly in the *tundra*, and on the islands and sandbanks in the delta of the great river, they had been adding steadily to their various collections. They had secured specimens of several new species, and they had tempted the peasants to gather eggs for them with some success. It was the *tundra*, however, that was their surest resource. The *tundra* is generally a broad rolling moor, covered with mosses, lichens, or dwarf shrubbery; broken here and there by great patches of bog, and dotted over everywhere with sheets of water. The birds whose eggs they were seeking built chiefly in the rough patches of tussocky grass. The story of the incidents of one memorable day may be taken as a sample of the rest. The eggs of the grey plover, it will be remembered, had been one of the main objects of the journey to the Petchora. Hitherto they had not even set eyes on the bird itself; nor had they seen any specimens among the flocks of emigrants that had passed down the Petchora while they were stationed at Ust-Zylma. This morning they had at length flushed the birds upon the *tundra*; and they resolved to make diligent search for nests. An offer of half a rouble for a discovery failed, with a single exception, to awaken the zeal of their followers. The men, who were somewhat indolent, had no mind to attempt what they fancied to be impossible. But there was one honest Samoyede who "tramped the ground systematically, and after more than an hour's search found a nest on one of the dry tussocky ridges intersecting the bog, containing four eggs about the size and shape of those of the golden plover, but more like those of the lapwing in colour. The nest was a hollow, evidently scratched, perfectly round, somewhat deep, and containing a handful of broken, slender twigs and reindeer moss." To place the relation of eggs and nest to this comparatively rare species of plover beyond any possibility of question, they watched for the unlucky mother and bagged her. When a man sledges for a thousand miles or two in the pursuit of science, he is but too apt to discard scruples of humanity when he sets himself to illustrating a fact or demonstrating a disputed proposition; but we must say that Mr. Seebohm and his friend showed themselves more remorseless than the keenest of ordinary sportsmen. His remarks on touching evidences of self-sacrificing maternal instinct, or on pretty examples of innocent confidence, have invariably the same disagreeable dénouement. Or, if the victim does escape, it is simply because Mr. Seebohm does not seem to have been by any means a deadly shot. Of course they often slept roughly and fared meagrely, but the greatest torment of their lives was the mosquitoes. These venomous pests swarmed everywhere, hung over the bird-hunters in their ambushes in clouds that might be felt, and forced their way through all artificial defences. "We were told that this plague of mosquitoes was nothing as yet to what it would become later. 'Wait a while,' said one Job's comforter, 'and you will not be able to see each other at twenty paces' distance; you will not be able to aim with your gun, for the moment you raise your barrel half-a-dozen regiments of mosquitoes will rise between you and the sight.'" On the whole, however, they were highly gratified with the results of the journey. They brought home the eggs of three of the kinds of birds whose breeding-places had hitherto escaped discovery—namely, those of the grey plover, the little stint, and Bewick's swan. They "added several birds to the European list which had either never been found in Europe before or only doubtfully so"; they made many observations of great importance and interest; and they had collected besides more than a thousand skins, with no less than six hundred eggs.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume of M. Duruy's Roman History (i) in its new and gorgeous edition continues to show what lavish abundance of illustration of the best kind is at the disposal of French authors for their books. The history itself is a sufficiently sober narrative, strongly tinged, of course, with Imperialism; but it must not be taken as a bad compliment to M. Duruy if we say that these huge volumes, which Atlas himself would hardly care to hold up for an hour or so by the fireside, seem rather intended to be turned over for the sake of the engravings than seriously read for the sake of the text. In the present volume, which includes the history of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns, M. Duruy has had a double incitement to be lavish of "figures," first, because of the interest of the subject to Frenchmen, and, secondly, because of the labour spent on it by his late master. The sites of the battles and sieges, the relics of ancient Gallic art, even the dolmens and the menhirs which may or may not date from the period, are carefully delineated, and not the least interesting plate in the book is one showing the limits of the distribution of rude stone monuments in France. The plans of towns and fortifications are perhaps as good as anything of the kind that has ever

(i) *Histoire des Romains*. Par Victor Duruy. Nouvelle édition. Tome III. Paris: Hachette.



been inserted in any book intended for the general reader. For the chromolithographs, gorgeous as they are, we confess that we care less, inasmuch as they always seem somewhat to "swear" at the unadorned black and white of the letterpress that accompanies them. Illuminated manuscripts should not be imitated timidly. If colour is used in the ornaments, it should be used throughout. However, some of these very chromolithographs are as good specimens of their rather dubious kind as we have seen, and occasionally, as in the representation of a mosaic pavement, for instance, may be allowed to interpret the subject better than mere black and white could by any possibility have done; but then, perhaps, a mosaic pavement is not an ideally suitable illustration for a sober history.

M. Granier de Cassagnac goes with M. Duruy naturally enough. This second series follows up the first of its author's *Souvenirs du Second Empire* (2) in giving an artfully cool and unimpassioned, though a most decidedly Bonapartist, view of the subject. The strength of the position lies in the argument from the *plébiscite*, an argument which no pure democrat has ever been able to get over, and which therefore has had to be met with personal bluster and exaggeration of the *crime du deux Décembre*. Of course those persons who have no admiration for plebiscites are under no obligation whatever to accept or to admire the Second Empire; but then M. Granier de Cassagnac's main adversaries are not in this position. With remarkable skill, and without a grain of the malice which it must have been hard for a Frenchman to keep out of such a matter, but which would have injured the seriousness of his demonstration, M. Granier de Cassagnac extracts from M. Victor Hugo and other opponents confessions of the almost universal acquiescence in the *Coup d'état*. We cannot follow the author through the whole of his ingenious *plaidoyer*, in which he certainly succeeds in upsetting a good many of the Republican martyr-legends. Unluckily for him, he does not always completely guard his own legs from the arrows. We are presented to the Emperor Nicholas, and enjoy the account of his interview with a certain "voyageur français." The Emperor, it seems, expressed himself warmly about Prince Louis Napoleon, but was a little disturbed at the seizure of the Orleans domains. Thereupon the "voyageur" suggested that the object of the annexation was "pour alléger le sort des ouvriers." This explanation of the phenomenon, which the late Professor Mansel described as

France's half-fledged eaglet gazing with undazzled eye  
At the sunbeams of his glory and the Orleans property,

strikes us as rather more ingenious than satisfactory.

Biographies of the anecdotic kind are not so common as they once were, having been to a great extent replaced by an uncomfortable and inartistic hotch-potch of letters and scraps of connecting narrative. Mme. de Janzé's *souvenirs intimes* (3) concerning Berryer are almost entirely of the old kind, and are interesting enough, though perhaps they have no great literary merit, and though the lady's adoring Royalism must occasionally move a smile, even in the case of the most sympathetic reader who knows his subject. Her account of Louis XVIII. describes him as a kind of belated Marcellus, given to France by the Almighty too late and snatched away too early, which, indeed, was Berryer's own opinion—at least he said so. However, it is quite delightful to read utterances of such a certain sound as Mme. de Janzé's. The Restoration, she says, "had given Algiers to France (en dépit de l'Angleterre), had freed Greece, had replaced Ferdinand on the throne of Spain [these two acts, we presume, were a kind of compensation each for the other], had re-established the financial situation of France, and had placed her in the first rank of the European concert." This is certainly thorough. However, Mme. de Janzé's outspoken politics are only the framework for a vast number of anecdotes about all sorts of interesting people, and not merely about Berryer himself. A good many of these, of course, are not new; but they are derived from an infinity of different sources, and it must be a very well read person indeed who, even putting aside Mme. de Janzé's personal contributions, knows them all, or even a great part of them. The book is one of the pleasantest companions for a spare half-hour that we have come across for some time. From Mme. la duchesse de Berry, a heroine over whose somewhat unlucky heroism Mme. de Janzé is enthusiastic, to Desaugiers, who once lent the great advocate a penknife to cut a tight boot in the stalls of the Opera, all manner of men and women play their parts in these three hundred pages.

It is really time to ask when Sainte-Beuve's literary representatives are going to be tired of dragging his name and reputation through the dirt. *Le clou d'or* (4) consists of certain letters full of eighteenth-century sensibility (which is equivalent to a nineteenth-century word with the second and third syllables only changed), and addressed to a lady whom, from M. Jules Troubat's preface, it is difficult to believe that many persons in French society will not recognize. This preface itself is perhaps the most objectionable thing in the book, being full of a kind of sniggering suggestion which, at any rate to some people, is not a little offensive. Published without comment, the letters, though scarcely interesting, would at any rate have been comparatively harmless.

M. Vacherot has written (5) one of those pamphlets of very

*haute politique* which are more common abroad than in England. However, the author has nothing very new for us when he comes down from his altitudes. His notion is that Pan-Germanism, and not Pan Slavism, is the great danger of Europe.

M. de Pontmartin's *Samedis* (6) have had several things charged against them during their now pretty numerous years of existence, but dulness has rarely formed one of the charges. Nor are they dull now, though perhaps they approach that most formidable rock nearer than is their author's wont. M. de Pontmartin has fallen of late into a habit not unfrequent with literary men of a certain age and of strong political sympathies. He has begun to *prôner* young aspirants who seem to him to be of correct principles, and this is sometimes a little tedious for his readers. We are quite willing to allow M. de Pontmartin himself to argue about anything he likes, because his arguments are generally well-written and amusing, if frequently ill-natured. But it does not follow that all his geese and goslings are welcome too. Still this reproach does not lie against the whole of the present volume. It contains a really clever fantasy-piece called *L'assommoir à Athènes*, describing the intended production of the play on the Athenian stage, the opportune illness of the stage manager, the revolt of the actors, and the substitution, with shouts of applause, of the *Edipus rex*. There is an interesting paper, too, on *Le livre de bord*, the anecdotes of which M. de Pontmartin supplements with some of his own. One of these assuredly must in some mysterious way have been derived from a well-known legend of Curll. It is to the effect that the late M. Michel Lévy once upon a time became dissatisfied with the titles usually affixed to their works by his authors. He thought they lacked *chic* and effect; and he accordingly engaged a trusty man, of whom he thought well, to extemporize a long list of titles, up to which authors more celebrated, but, according to M. Lévy, less gifted in the matter of titles, were to write. Nor is the last paper in the book to be read without interest. It is a notice of Gustave Flaubert, written shortly after his death, and it is a curious instance of the weakness of M. de Pontmartin's method. The critic practically says to us:—"Most of the people who admire M. Flaubert are Reds, immoral creatures, enemies of religion and order. M. Zola says that he is the child of M. Flaubert. Now anything that Reds, &c., like must be bad; and a bad son can't come from a good father. Ergo, M. Flaubert is bad too." The argument is, to say the least, insufficient; and it is at least remarkable that, so far as we have noticed, M. de Pontmartin does not so much as mention the *Tentation de Saint-Antoine* or the *Légende de St-Julien*.

A habit, which we cannot but think a bad one, has grown up in France of composing books which are not exactly travels and not exactly novels. M. Lucien Biart and M. Victor Tissot are the great practitioners of this kind of work, which is for the most part represented in England only by boys' books. M. Biart's geographical and scientific accuracy is considerable, and M. Tissot's lively pen justifies itself sufficiently by its works; but the style, we repeat, is bad. Among workers in this style, though the purely fictitious element plays a much smaller part in her work than in some others of the kind, we should be inclined to rank Mme. Olympe Audouard (7). At least we hope that her account of a wolf hunt in which she was engaged is not to be taken absolutely at the foot of the letter. As Mme. Audouard represents herself as being driven twenty versts (i.e. fourteen miles) in half an hour, we may indeed take for granted that there are engaging little exaggerations. When Mme. Audouard had been driven the fourteen miles in the half hour, she changed sledges. Her companion, a Russian Count, gave her two revolvers, three rides, and a hanger; tied a live sucking pig to the sledge, and set off. Mme. Audouard "philosophized" on the subject of the pig, but seems to have thought her duty ceased there. Meanwhile, the pig (being slowly flayed and dashed to pieces) squeaked, the wolves came up, and Mme. Audouard and the Count blazed away at them, the sledge going at full speed the while. They killed seventeen wolves—and the pig. Few of the scenes of Mme. Audouard's book are so lively, or, we may add, so offensive, as this. As a rule, she mixes up not ineffective descriptions of the Russia of to-day with scraps of history, social gossip, and remarks to the effect that the French in the Crimea liked the Russians much better than they did their English allies. It ought to be mentioned that the book is lavishly illustrated with very rough, but by no means ineffective, woodcuts. If it were not for the almost entire absence of dates, and the suspicious heightening of not a few of the anecdotes, besides that of the wolf hunt, the book would be rather an interesting one; but, as it is, it is neither fish nor flesh.

M. Victor de Laprade (8) apologizes in his preface for the terribly shocking title of his book. For an Academician in these days to write a book against music is, indeed, something revolutionary and altogether alarming. But, says M. de Laprade, people have mistaken him. He is not against music, but against certain misuses of music, and to prove it he publishes this book, part of which dates from a considerable time back, while part of it is sufficiently modern to contain a reference in very uncomplimentary terms to the recent exploits of the French Government in turning priests and women out of doors. This latter point is not a mere political fling, for M. de Laprade co-ordinates his objections to modern

(a) *Souvenirs du Second Empire*. Par A. Granier de Cassagnac. 2<sup>ème</sup> série. Paris: Dentu.

(3) *Berryer*. Par la Vicomtesse A. de Janzé. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le clou d'or*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(5) *La politique extérieure de la république*. Par Etienne Vacherot. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(6) *Nouveaux samedis*. Par A. de Pontmartin. 20<sup>ème</sup> série. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(7) *Voyage au pays des Boyards*. Par Olympe Audouard. Paris: Dentu.

(8) *Contre la musique*. Par V. de Laprade. Paris: Didier.

music and modern democracy in a very original fashion. Democracy, music, and physical science—these are the three things to which the modern man is, in his view, addicted. A good deal of his argumentation is borrowed very ingeniously and quite avowedly from Plato, and follows a line which readers of the *Republic* will have no difficulty in drawing for themselves. M. de Laprade's great argument is that music without words is, if not exactly a mistake, at any rate a catachresis. It is meant to accompany words and to be subject to them, and its separate existence is a fond thing vainly imagined. At least this we take to be his argument; though the author, by alternately inveighing against music as it is and protesting his reverence for it as it should be, has somewhat confused his theme here and there. It is needless to say that the book is extremely well written. M. de Laprade is one of the few French writers upon whom the deluge of *argot* which has been the least satisfactory result of the Romantic movement, has broken without producing the slightest effect. He is purely classical in the best sense, and what his language wants in colour and movement it gains in elegance and statuesque precision.

M. Calmann-Lévy has been well advised of late in adopting for certain specially favoured works which he has published a somewhat uncommon format, which may be described either as very small quarto or as large square sexto-decimo. By this shape the advantages of margin and symmetrical form of page are gained without the corresponding drawbacks incident to most large paper octavos—the excessive size of the book and its consequent drag upon the hand. The critic is generally inclined to look kindly on a book satisfactorily presented in this way; for if the text be trivial, he can always look at the margin. We shall admit that, in reading M. Xavier Aubryet's little poem (9), or collection of poems, we have occasionally preferred the contemplation of the broad expanse of pleasant, rough-edged *papier vergé* to the reading of such lines as

Le ciel c'est une hermine; une tache à l'azur  
C'est pour l'œil provençal ce qu'est pour un goût sûr  
Le manque de justesse.

The truth is that M. Xavier Aubryet is much more at home in lively prose disquisitions *de omnibus rebus* than in these terrible French lyric measures, which make mediocre poetry a thing more intolerable than it is in any other language. In his Alexandrines he succeeds better; but here, too, we think we should have liked him better still in prose.

This certainly cannot be said of M. Leconte de Lisle, whose always welcome *Poèmes antiques*, after knowing a good many forms in their five-and-twenty years of life, now make their appearance once more in the "Petite bibliothèque" of M. Lemerre (10). We do not know that M. Leconte de Lisle pleases us so well in this, his most popular work, as in the *Poèmes barbares* and in some of his miscellaneous pieces, a good many of which, however, have been incorporated with the later editions of *Poèmes antiques*. There is, perhaps, nothing in this volume which has quite the vigour and *furia* of "Le Runois" and "Le massacre de Mona," or quite the poetical charm of "Requies." But since the Indian poems of the volume originally published as *Poèmes et poésies* were incorporated with the *Poèmes antiques*, these latter have made up one of the volumes which no one who wishes to obtain a satisfactory view of modern French poetry can afford to neglect. "Cunaceps" has always been one of the pieces best liked by the poet's special devotees, while of the strictly classical poems, "Pan," a short piece in Alexandrine couplets, extending to twenty-four lines only, is remarkable not merely for the mastery way in which the separate parts are crowded into the picture, and yet not overcrowded, but also because it is a typical example of the kind of poem which has been most affected in France for nearly half a century—the poem in which a picture complete, vivid, and carefully worked out in parts, is presented to the reader. There is, of course, no doubt that this confusion of the two arts has gone somewhat too far; but still it has produced sufficiently good work to make typical specimens of it interesting. It ought to be added that the scene "Hypatie et Cyrille" shows not a little dramatic power of a certain kind—that is to say, a kind to be judged according to the standard of Racine and not of Shakespeare.

The same "Petite bibliothèque," which is now becoming a "Grande bibliothèque," at least as far as the number of its volumes goes, has been increased by the addition of the fifteenth volume of M. François Victor Hugo's Shakespeare (11) and by the second volume of M. Aulard's version of Leopardi (12). The former contains the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale*. The latter is occupied for about eighty pages with prose versions of poems; for the rest, with translations of the "moral works"—that is to say, the prose tales, dialogues, and other miscellanea in which the Italian poet poured out his gall. The resemblance between certain of these latter and Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* is striking, and indeed it can hardly have escaped any reader.

French children have, as a rule, been very fairly off for books intended for their special consumption, though there is no

French Lewis Carroll. *Les infortunes de Chou-chou* (13) is a pleasant little story of a young woman of tender years, who had a too great tendency (like some other young women not of tender years) to cry at everything without rhyme or reason. It is illustrated prettily enough, but cannot in this respect compare with M. Girardin's and M. Assollant's books for boys, especially with the latter. *Grand-père* (14) is, like all its author's legends of schoolboy life in the provinces, very natural, and very free from anything that is objectionable, though perhaps an English boy would like it better, and would be right in liking it better, without its rather unnecessary codicil in which the hero has a wife chosen for him. By great good luck she happens to be the one he would himself have chosen; but this is an accident. M. Assollant is, in familiar phrase, a cut above the general run of boys' book-makers in England, and *Pendragon* (15) has style and literary merit as well as movement and colour. The hero is a Gaulish chief, who serves in the armies of Alexander the Great, and who, of course, performs wonders mounted on a terrific steed, which is represented in the illustrations after a fashion calculated to cause the pleasantest alarm. M. Deslys (16) is also a writer of no small powers, and his volume, like the others previously mentioned, is abundantly illustrated. It contains three separate tales intended for perhaps rather older readers.

(13) *Les infortunes de Chou-chou*. Par Mme. Colomb. Paris: Hachette.

(14) *Grand-père*. Par J. Girardin. Paris: Hachette.

(15) *Pendragon*. Par A. Assollant. Paris: Hachette.

(16) *L'ami français*. Par Ch. Deslys. Paris: Hachette.

ERRATUM.—For "Mrs. Mary Barker," in our last week's notice of "Some Drawings of Ancient Embroidery" (Sotheman and Co.), read "Mrs. Mary Barber."

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(9) *Le triptyche*. Par Xavier Aubryet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *Œuvres de Leconte de Lisle—Poèmes antiques*. Paris: Lemerre.

(11) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare*. Traduites par F. V. Hugo. Tome 15<sup>me</sup>. Paris: Lemerre.

(12) *Poésies et œuvres morales de Leopardi*. Par F. A. Aulard. Tome 2<sup>me</sup>. Paris: Lemerre.